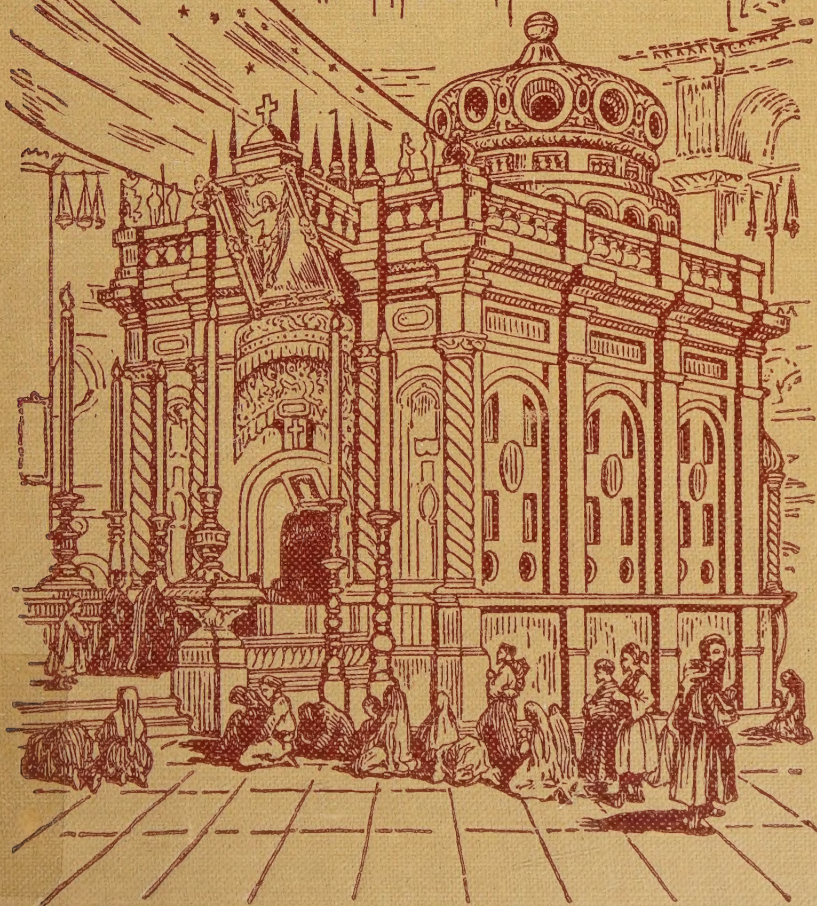


OFF TO JERUSALEM





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OFF TO JERUSALEM

BY
MARIE AGNES BENZIGER



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Preface

At the request of my dear father, who accompanied me on this journey, and full of gratitude to both my dear parents, to whom I owe this great happiness, I undertake to write the description of this pilgrimage. The happy circumstance that my father and I were able to make this pilgrimage together, to visit together the holy places, and to have therefore the same interests, the same pleasant memories, makes this journey especially dear to me. So may my description not only recall happy memories, but be at the same time dedicated to my dear parents as a modest tribute of my love and gratitude towards them.

When these papers were written I had no idea that they would ever appear in print; and must therefore entreat the kindly indulgence of my readers for the shortcomings certain to appear in pages intended only for perusal by eyes eager to find matter of interest, and very slow to perceive defects.

Contents

	PAGE
PREFACE	5
The Farewell.—Journey to Feldkirch	7
Feldkirch	8
Arrival of the Pilgrims	9
In the Railway Cars	12
Trieste.—We go on Board.—First Day at Sea	15
A Little Excursion to Corfu.	23
Landing at Jaffa.—Journey to and Arrival at the Holy City of Jerusalem	31
History and Description of Jerusalem	46
Climate and Vegetation.	56
High Mass and Sermon in the Church of the Holy Sepulcher	59
St. Ann's Church.—The Pool of Bethsaida.— The Cave of Jeremias	61
The Stations of the Cross	66
Ecce Homo and St. Stephen's Church	74
The Mount of Olives	75
Mount Sion.—The Cenacle	89
St. John in the Mountains	100

	PAGE
Church and Convent of San Salvator . . .	109
The Wailing Place or Wall of Lamentation . .	112
Street Life in Jerusalem	115
The Valley of Ennom and Cedron	120
The Church of the Holy Sepulcher	127
Service in the Church of the Latin Patriarch	150
The Mosque of Omar	151
The Mosque of el-Aksa	158
Bethlehem	163
History and Description of Bethlehem . . .	166
History and Description of the Church and Grotto of the Nativity	170
Other Grottoes.—The Milk Grotto.—The Shep- herds' Field	179
Last Day in Jerusalem.—Service in the San Salvator Church	182
Departure from Jerusalem.—Journey to Jaffa. —Embarking	186
Arrival at Trieste.—Homeward Journey . .	195
Arrival at Einsiedeln.—The End	203

Off to Jerusalem



The Farewell—Journey to Feldkirch

August 30, 1903.—It had been arranged that the meeting of the pilgrims should take place on August 31, but my father and I were unable to restrain our impatience and set “off to Jerusalem” on the 30th. Before starting we paid an early visit to Our Lady of Einsiedeln, assisted at Mass in her sanctuary, and took leave of the Blessed Mother after commending ourselves to her guidance and protection. Then, accompanied by all the members of the family, we made our way to the railway station. I need not describe our farewells. If adieu is not a pleasant word to utter, although it ought to be a consoling one, there is less bitterness in *au revoir*. A long and fatiguing journey lay before us, but pilgrims have an especial claim to the protection of God. Trusting to His care, we separated with light hearts, each party calling gaily to the other “*au revoir!*” Our first halt, of an hour and a

half, was made at Wädensweil, where we visited the Catholic church and assisted at High Mass.

Feldkirch

At 11 A. M. we took the train again, and speeding by express over hill and dale, arrived after a delightful journey at Feldkirch. The good town already looked like the rendezvous for a pilgrimage. The Committee of Management for the expedition had established itself in the Vorarlberger Hotel, whence the Jerusalem flag waved a friendly greeting as we passed on to the Hotel Bären. Here rooms had been provided for us, and having paid them a visit, and seen that our baggage was safely bestowed, we went into the town to call upon the Rev. Dr. Häusele, a former fellow-student of my father's at the Jesuit college *Stella Matutina*, and an eager naturalist. We found him at the Antoniushaus, and under his guidance undertook an exploring expedition which neither of us will ever forget. Our way lay through a forest, and the road became steeper and more muddy at every step. Toster's castle was stormed and taken, and really our amiable

host can boast of a magnificent view. At the end of the ramble we were thoroughly tired, and felt that our supper by moonlight in the garden of the hotel had been well earned. After writing a few postal-cards we were glad to retire to our beds, in order to recruit our strength for the morrow.

Arrival of the Pilgrims

August 31st.—We were awakened early by the bells of the Franciscan church close by, and after assisting at Mass, turned our steps toward the Jesuit college *Stella Matutina*, where my father hoped to meet some of his old fellow-students who are now priests. This hope was doomed to disappointment, but we were kindly received by the Father Minister. Ah, if only our dear Father Löffler had been there to welcome us! But he blesses our journey from heaven. After a short stay we walked to the Maria Grün, and over the fine estate of Herr Tschavol. The house of retreat, and the summer villa, Karina, of the Jesuit Fathers were to be inspected only from without. However, I have seen Feldkirch on all sides. My father's four kodaks were our faithful com-

panions throughout our wanderings, so that we were able to carry home representations at least of the beautiful and interesting places we visited. It is scarcely necessary to say that with so much to do and to see the time passed rapidly enough.

At 2 P. M. we walked to the station to meet the pilgrims coming from Buchs. Colonel von Himmel, accompanied by the members of the committee, whose business it was to indicate to each pilgrim his lodging for the night, and to look after the baggage, was already at his post. There was a lively stir of bustle and greeting as the passengers streamed out of the train, and it was both interesting and amusing to watch the different faces, all so happy and expectant. But a crowded railway station is not precisely the place for a prolonged study of human nature, which may be indulged in more conveniently, perhaps, on the boat. We saw His Lordship the Bishop of Basle arrive among the pilgrims, but the crush was great and we returned at once to the town.

The pilgrims went off in parties to seek their various hotels. Some among them had already donned the dust cloaks of white linen and the hats

decorated with long white veils which were to distinguish us, as hat, staff, and scallop-shell distinguished the pilgrims of old. Naturally enough they were followed in their progress through the street by the curious gaze of the interested inhabitants of Feldkirch. At 5.30 P. M. there was a general assembly in the gardens of the Hotel Bären, where red and white bands, each bearing the appointed number of a pilgrim, and pilgrim flasks, were distributed. The bands were at once put on, and we felt like real pilgrims immediately. At supper I made the acquaintance of two ladies, the Misses von Werra, with whom I was to share a cabin when we went on board, and we there and then became very good friends. There was no difficulty in learning the names of our fellow travelers, as in order to do so we had only to compare the number inscribed on the band worn by each person with that entered on the list of pilgrims. This afforded an amusing occupation, particularly on board the vessel. In the evening my father and I filled our flasks with lemon juice, wherewith we intended to quench our thirst. But the contents of my flask did not seem

to grow less, and I had to carry it filled till our embarkation. I was glad when we went on board to leave my flask in the cabin, for our relations were the reverse of friendly.

In the Railway Cars

Sept. 1st.—We rose at 5.30 A. M. and assisted at the pilgrims' Mass celebrated by His Lordship the auxiliary Bishop in the parish church of Feldkirch. The organ was well played, and a joyful surprise was reserved for at least one of the worshipers in the enthusiastic rendering by a well trained choir of our own beloved and familiar hymns to the Sacred Heart. The sound of these hymns brought back old memories of the church at Riedenburg, where I had so often sung them with my companions in our school-days.

After Mass we all joined in the recital of the *Itinerarium*, the *Procedamus in pace* was fervently and solemnly pronounced, and with these words still ringing in our ears we set forth on our pilgrimage to the Holy Land.

Arranged in five divisions, of which His Lordship the Bishop of Basle and the priests who were

to accompany us formed the center, we walked in procession to the station, reciting the Rosary as we went. The bells played an accompaniment with their merry peals, and the good people of Feldkirch lining the streets on either side waved and shouted farewells. At the station we found our baggage arranged in long rows on the platform, and the special train already awaiting our arrival. Thanks to the painstaking good management of Colonel von Himmel very little time was lost in finding our places, for the number allotted to each pilgrim was pasted on the window of the carriage he was to occupy. We speedily settled ourselves comfortably, and started with glad hearts amid the waving of hats and handkerchiefs and the loud cheering of the inhabitants of Feldkirch.

It would not be easy to describe the pleasure wherewith we looked out upon the beautiful country through which we were being only too rapidly borne. The cloudless sky, the brilliant sunshine, the smiling valleys, all were in delightful harmony with our own feelings. New scenery, new views arose before me. Presently we as-

cended the Arlberg, and passing through the tunnel, entered the Tyrol. Here the many little churches and wayside crosses to be met with at every turn added a new charm to the landscape, and bore silent witness to the piety which has ever been a distinguishing characteristic of the good Tyrolese. Former pilgrims to Jerusalem awaited us with kindly greetings at nearly every station; in several villages guns were fired in our honor, and flags floated gaily in the breeze; the people everywhere wished us Godspeed.

It is unnecessary to describe a country about which so much has been written by abler pens than mine, and which is so beautiful that any attempt made by me to do justice to its loveliness must be in vain. I will only say, therefore, that our journey was perfect in every respect. We dined at Innsbruck, surrounded by the Tyrolese mountains, whose majesty adds so much to the picturesque aspect of this interesting town. Continuing our journey we saluted Mount Isel, whose summit, crowned with the monument to Andreas Hofer, looks proudly down on the Tyrol. At about 2 P. M. we ascended the Brenner, and

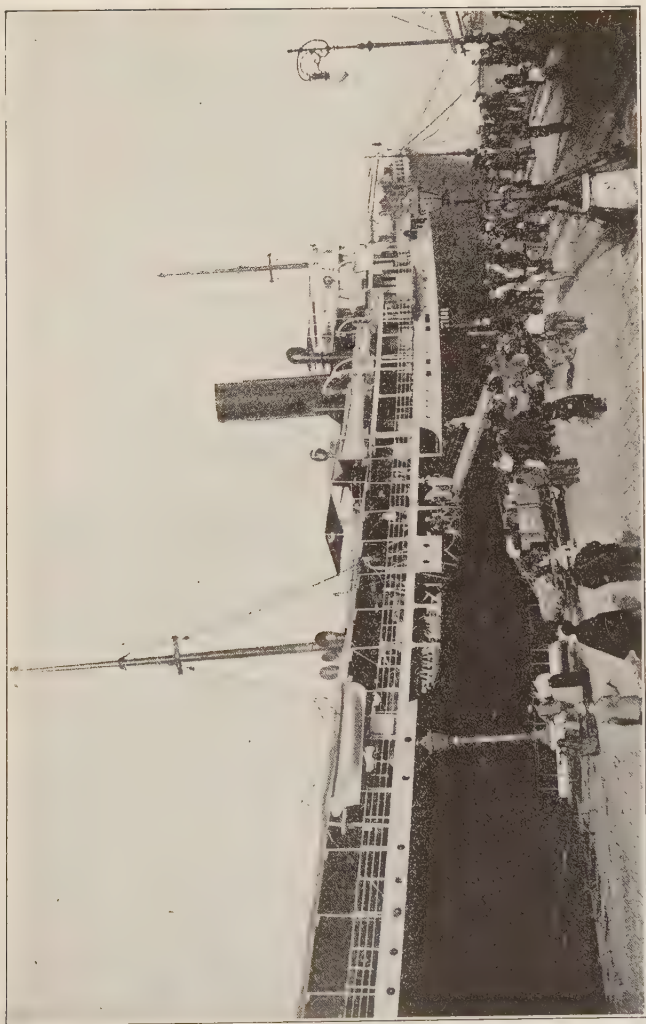
halted at Franzensfeste, where the members of the family of Colonel von Himmel came to bid him farewell. At 7 P. M. we arrived at Lienz, after passing the Puster Thal and admiring the Dolomiten at Toblach. Our stay of twenty minutes here was enlivened by the strains of a fine band playing the songs of the fatherland by torchlight, while we were busied in procuring water,—laughing, cheering and being cheered, and refreshing the inner man. Soon the whistle shrieked unmercifully and we had to resume our seats. At 9 P. M. we halted at Villach, and after partaking of an excellent supper returned to the train and settled down for the night—an apparently endless period of darkness which afforded plenty of time for reflection to such unfortunates as, like myself, were unable to sleep.

Trieste—We go on Board—First Day at Sea

Sept. 2d.—After passing through Kärnten and Krain during the night, we reached Trieste at seven in the morning and looked eagerly for a first glimpse of the Adriatic Sea. There it lay, outspread in all its majesty and beauty, sparkling

beneath the rays of the sun that fell upon its surface through a light mist, and brightened the yachts and small boats that rose and fell upon the waves. The country outside of Trieste was desolate enough, the barren soil appearing to produce nothing but a few scattered plants and shrubs. Its aspect changed as we neared the city, when vineyards, semi-tropical plants, and trees whose delightful verdure we were shortly to miss, succeeded to the desert through which we had just passed. We drew nearer and nearer to the beautiful castle of Miramar, with its sad memories of the unfortunate Emperor Maximilian, and then came Trieste. We left our baggage at the station to be forwarded, and walked through the town to the harbor of St. Carlo, where our "Tyrolia," our pilgrim ship, was awaiting us.

From the ship we had a fine view of the town, which forms a magnificent amphitheater, lying outstretched upon the coast like an expanded arch. There are some fine buildings on the quay, and a light-house on the southwest of the harbor. After taking some kodak views of our ship we went on board, looked for our belongings, ar-



Our good ship "Tyrolia" in the harbor of Trieste, ready to sail.



The "Tyrolia" before Jaffa, and the small boats by means of which we landed.

ranged ourselves comfortably in our cabin, and waited for the sound of the whistle, which gave the signal for departure at 10.30 A. M.

Then the anchor was weighed, and the good ship began merrily to cut its way through the waves. For the first time I was floating upon that great sea which I had hitherto so much feared, and have since learned to love. For a long time we gave ourselves up to the enjoyment afforded by our view of the gulf of Trieste, but it became gradually more and more indistinct, until only the outlines of the distant mountains were discernible; and as we rounded the promontory even these at last disappeared. To our left lay the gulf coast of Istria; later on Pola, the Austrian naval station, and lastly the free town of Fiume. After passing several islands, as Lussin, Lunga, and Meleda, toward evening we saluted with a fervent *Ave Maria* the beloved shrine of Loreto, which appeared on the Italian coast to our right. But it is time to say a word about our vessel.

The "Tyrolia" is three hundred and fifteen feet in length and twenty-two in width, and

travels at the rate of thirteen and a half sea miles an hour. On the middle deck a statue of Our Lady was attached to the after mast, and before this stood the principal altar—for there were several—whereat High Mass was celebrated and a sermon preached every morning at nine, while in the evening Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given at five. The Masses at this altar began at 2 A. M. and the Holy Sacrifice was offered here by thirteen priests before eight. One hundred and twenty Masses were said daily on board, and the Blessed Sacrament was reserved day and night in our midst—a great and rare privilege and happiness. He dwelt among us now as long ago He had dwelt with His Apostles in the little ship on the sea of Gencsareth. Was it possible to be afraid? Surely not. For my own part I had never felt so secure as when traveling, for the first time, over that sea which hitherto I had regarded with dread, for was not Our Lord our fellow-traveler?

Each altar was provided with a prie-dieu for the convenience of the devout, and before the statue of Our Lady stood a lamp burning, and

a holy water font. At every hour of the day, from early morning until late in the evening, the Blessed Mother was surrounded by pious worshippers.

Meals were taken in the open air, at tables arranged on either side of the deck, for although first and second class dining-saloons had been provided, they were not sufficiently large to accommodate the pilgrims. The open air arrangement was far pleasanter, more especially as we had delightful society on board.

In the cabins the heat was unendurable, and it was consequently impossible to remain below for any length of time. But this mattered little to me or to my constant companions, the Misses von Werra; we made a merry trio, troubling ourselves neither in sunshine nor storm. My father enjoyed himself thoroughly with his friend Dr. Etlin, both on board ship and afterwards in the Holy Land, so that I was perfectly happy on his account. If our cabin was small and stifling, nobody else had any better. Our excursion, moreover, was not a mere pleasure trip, but a pilgrimage, and our discomforts were

slight indeed in comparison with those endured by Crusaders and pilgrims of the ages of faith.

So the first day on the vessel passed quickly and pleasantly, and soon after supper I went to bed, and to sleep; for between the novelty of passing scenes, the long railway journey, and the great heat, I was really fatigued.

Sept. 3d.—The freshness and beauty of the morning drew me early on deck, where I found that Masses were already being celebrated at every altar. At 9 A. M. His Lordship the Bishop of Basle sang Pontifical High Mass with a full choir. After the gospel the priest who served as chaplain to the pilgrims gave us a sermon, in which he described our pilgrimage as an exercise of prayer and penance, and a school wherein much might be learned. This wonderful celebration of the Holy Sacrifice in the midst of the wide sea, accompanied by the throbbing of the engines, the splashing of the waves, and the thunder of cannon, together with the spectacle of the crowd of devout worshipers gathered about the altar, formed a magnificently dramatic spectacle and left an

impression upon the mind that surely nothing can ever obliterate.

We were now out of sight of land; even the islands had disappeared, and all day long we saw only the blue sky above us and the sparkling water beneath.

What employment can be found during a whole day on board? On board our ship the morning was well taken up by the celebration of the Holy Offices. At noon dinner was served, and after the meal we tried to take a walk on deck. But the space was too narrow and we were compelled to relinquish our promenades, or postpone them until they could be taken on terra firma. Our favorite resort was on the captain's bridge, where we had a fine frolic with the wind, and a splendid view of the broad expanse of waters. We never tired of watching the merry play of the waves.

How exquisitely beautiful is nature, whether on land or sea! The earth with the wealth and variety of the pictures she spreads out for us, the ocean in its grandeur and simplicity, stretching, to all appearance, into illimitable space, are alike lovely. The space whereon you actually move

on board is, it must be acknowledged, anything but illimitable. In point of fact it is limited to the last degree. But even this drawback has its advantages. The passengers are of necessity brought into contact with one another, acquaintances are made, and the charms of conversation while away hours which might otherwise prove tedious. And there was much edification to be derived from the fervent piety displayed by the pilgrims, their confidence in God, their joyful acceptance of any little discomfort, and patient endurance of pain. Of course there were some who grumbled—some who conducted themselves less like pilgrims than ordinary tourists, but happily their number was small.

The various islands passed had to be photographed, and the position of each ascertained on maps and charts. Groups of pilgrims engaged in friendly chat, and amusing scenes and occurrences were “snapped” by the indefatigable kodaks. The sick sought healing or relief in sleep; students buried themselves in books and such retirement as was possible under the circumstances; the members of the choir practised Masses

and hymns in preparation for services on board and in Jerusalem; the piously disposed knelt at their devotions undisturbed. Time passed gaily and quickly enough and every one was happy in his own way.

At 5 P. M. came Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, followed by the Rosary and the singing of several hymns. At 7 P. M. supper, then a little tour of the vessel to admire the stars and the moon throwing its soft light over the rippling waters, and once more to rest.

A Little Excursion to Corfu

Sept. 4th.—The first Friday of the month. It was an unspeakable joy, when I went early on deck in order to receive holy communion, to see that many more of the pilgrims were to be my companions at the holy table. The observance of the First Friday was not neglected even on board ship. Our Lord too must have rejoiced, I think.

At 4 A. M. the vessel stopped at Corfu, where we were promised the pleasure of a sojourn of two hours on dry land. We had been informed

of this yesterday, and I began to write immediately so that I might be able to send my first letter from Greece. A piercing whistle from our ship announced our arrival, and also awakened the inhabitants of Corfu. Boats containing dark-skinned figures, whose airy clothing showed that their morning toilet had cost them small pains, put off from the shore, and soon surrounded the "Tyrolia." After undergoing a brief inspection by a sanitary officer from the island, the pilgrims were allowed to descend into the boats, and were rowed across to the town. I had never been on the sea in a rowboat and greatly enjoyed the novel experience.

On reaching the town our first care was to procure stamps and postal-cards; the next to see as much of the strange place as the very limited amount of time at our disposal permitted. Our explorations were somewhat circumscribed also as to space, since ships wait for nobody, and any one wandering out of sound of the whistle which was to give the signal for departure was likely to pay dearly for his carelessness. He would have to remain where he was until some passing vessel

might enable him to return to the mainland.

The pilgrims explored the town in a body. We visited the market with its large hall, and made many purchases of fruit, returning to the harbor at the end of the allotted two hours laden with melons, peaches, and grapes. I bought a handful of delicious nuts, which were almost as large as eggs.

Lively scenes were enacted in the market, where mountains of melons were heaped upon the ground, and a wealth of southern products—lemons, peaches, grapes, and bananas—was exposed for sale in profusion. The fruit merchants were past masters in the art of cheating, and gave proof of their proficiency that day. Moreover it was very difficult to make ourselves understood, since we knew no modern Greek, and the vendors were acquainted with no language save their own and a few words of Italian.

To the best of my recollection we saw no women. The men wore wide woollen pantaloons of gray or blue, gathered in at the ankles, little red jackets (some of which were embroidered) over

white shirts, and the fez. We returned without accident to the "Tyrolia," which had taken in coal during our brief absence, and mounting her side—not without some difficulty, laden as we were with our recent purchases—found that a better view of Corfu was to be had from the vessel than we had been able to obtain on land.

Corfu, or Coreyra, the principal town on the island of the same name, lies between two hills which, in many parts, are still crowned with fortresses. It is the ordinary residence of both the Catholic and the Greek bishop, and of several foreign consuls, and possesses two cathedrals, many churches and convents, one college, and a theatre; besides fine hotels for the accommodation of visitors to the island.

It was not without reluctance that we left Corfu, with its modern Greek houses, its olive groves, and somber cypresses. Happily the voyage up the channel afforded us many fine views of the towns and villages which adorned the shores, and also of the mountain summits of this picturesque island. Farther out we saw to the east the rocky isles of Paxos and Antipaxos, and soon after

Santa Maura on our left. From the appearance of their shores we inferred that all these islands must be inhabited, but the land looked bare and dry. At Cape Dukato, or the Leucadian Rock, whence, according to the Greek myths, unhappy lovers were accustomed to throw themselves into the sea, a fine Greek church now occupies the site of the ancient temple of Apollo, and a light-house has been erected in front of the church. We came next into a calm inland sea surrounded by islands. To the left stretches the eastern shore of Santa Maura and the island Arkudi, while before us arose Cephalonia and Ithaca. We passed between these two, and thought of Ulysses as we steamed by Ithaca, with its bare mountains and windmills, and Cephalonia, upon whose sea-washed cliffs he must have often gazed. Cephalonia is the largest and most thickly populated of the Grecian isles. We passed Zante in the twilight, and saw in the distance two finely illuminated vessels belonging to the Greek navy.

Sept. 5th. — Passed Cerigo at about 6 A. M. As we were going to breakfast after Mass at about 7 A. M., the rocking of the vessel made walking

on deck a matter of some difficulty. The wind had risen, and on taking up our old position on the bridge we were very nearly blown away. The play of the waves became very lively. Sometimes they rose higher than our heads like mountains, sometimes opened into yawning abysses at our feet. The ship rocked and danced like a nutshell, and seemed now to hang suspended in mid-air, and again to be thrown back into the depths of the waters.

The sea was magnificent! Far more beautiful than in calm, for here was a manifestation not of beauty alone, but also of power. And this was not a storm, only a capful of wind, the captain assured us, when we, poor land rats, believed ourselves to be experiencing a veritable tempest. The clear blue sky with its bright sun was outstretched above us, it is true, but around and beneath us, roaring and foaming, was the mighty, wind-tossed sea.

And we valiant Swiss folk, how did we comport ourselves in the midst of the raging elements? Well, we can be sturdy enough on our own mountains, and tread their terrors bravely under foot,

but where there is question, not of climbing rocks, but of maintaining one's balance, we are soon vanquished; and then—sea sickness is not to be fought with an alpenstock. Very small was the number of victors who remained on deck throughout the fray, but my father and I were among them. The sea grew calmer toward noon, to the manifest satisfaction of everybody. Benediction was given as usual at 5 P. M. and was followed by the sermon, which for reasons of convenience had been postponed in the morning.

We steamed along the coast of Crete the whole day, reaching Cape Sideros at about seven in the evening. The island is one hundred and ninety-seven miles in circumference, and contains three hundred thousand inhabitants. A continuous range of mountains runs throughout its entire length at a little distance inland, and the shore presents a succession of chalk cliffs alternating with groves of olive trees. Crete, or Candia, Homer's "island of the hundred towns," is renowned for its abundant supply of excellent water and consequent fertility.

The faith was brought hither by the Cretan

Jews converted by St. Peter on the morning of the feast of Pentecost, and the infant church caused much anguish and tribulation of spirit to the Apostle St. Paul later on. He assigned the spiritual charge of this island to his disciple, Titus, and Gortynia is declared by tradition to have been the seat of his bishopric. The line of his successors was broken in 1699, when Candia was invaded and taken by the Turks, but a bishop was again appointed in 1874 for the small number of one thousand Catholics scattered among one hundred and forty thousand Mussulmans and one hundred and sixty thousand orthodox Greeks. Canca is the seat of the episcopal See at present.

Sunday, Sept. 6th.—To-day we lost sight of land. His Lordship the Bishop favored us with a beautiful sermon on faith in Jesus Christ, concluding with the invocation "Praised be Jesus Christ," to which all present responded by a loud and fervent: "Now and forevermore. Amen."

Our spare time was occupied in writing postal-cards, which we procured on board, whereon were depicted views of the Holy Land. In the even-

ing each pilgrim labelled his or her baggage with the proper number and arranged it on deck in readiness for going ashore on the morrow.

Landing at Jaffa—Journey to and Arrival at the Holy City of Jerusalem

Monday, Sept. 7th.—As we expected to reach Jaffa at about 6:40 A. M. the Masses commenced at midnight in order that the decks might be cleared by half-past five. Before sunrise our vessel presented a lively spectacle, for all the passengers, in full pilgrim costume of gray dust cloak, floating white veil, and flask strapped across the shoulder, had gathered on deck and were gazing eastward toward the Land of Desire. Presently some far-off specks, which eventually resolved themselves into the summits of a chain of mountains, became visible on the horizon. We drew nearer, suddenly the coast appeared, robed in a resplendent mantle of crimson and gold, the transmitted glory of the rising sun. To describe the splendors of that sunrise over the mountains of Palestine would be impossible. It shone, too, upon one of the happiest days of our lives,

that on which our feet were to press for the first time the blessed soil of the holy city of Jerusalem.

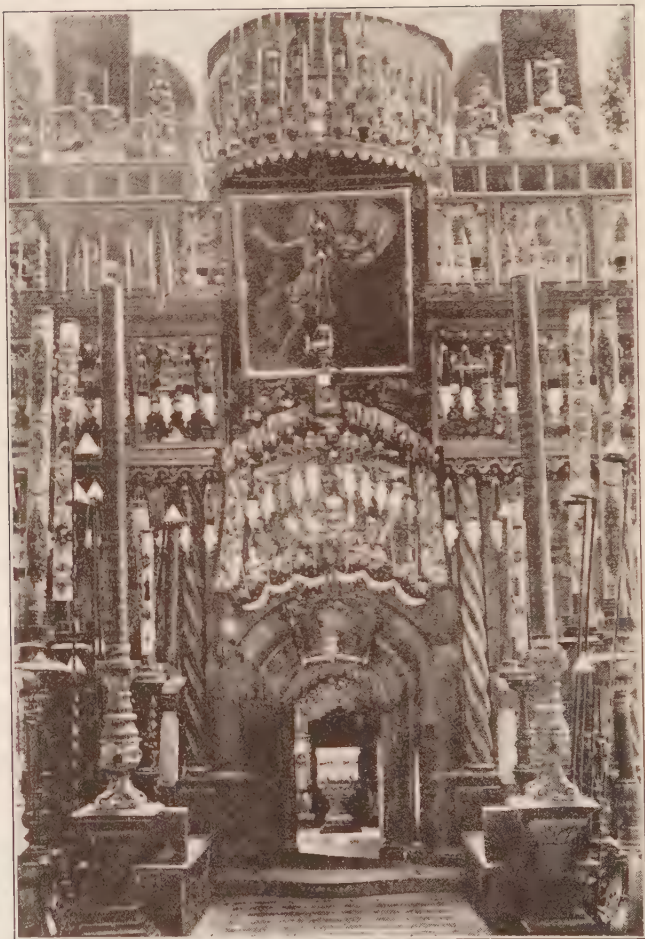
A little bird, the first I had seen since the beginning of the voyage, came flying toward us through that blaze of light, like a messenger bearing greetings from the Holy Land and bidding us welcome in the name of the Lord.

Before us lay Jaffa, the gate of Palestine; a city so ancient that tradition carries it back to the days of Noe, who is said to have built the Ark here. To Jaffa came the fleets of Hiram, king of Tyre, laden with "wood of the cedars of Libanus," whereof King Solomon's Temple at Jerusalem was to be built. The Prophet Jonas took ship for Tharsis from Jaffa, and in its harbor arose the storm wherein he was thrown overboard and swallowed by a whale because he had disobeyed the command of God.

In the year 164 B. C. Jaffa was burned by Judas Machabeus and its harbor destroyed to avenge the treacherous massacre of two hundred Jews, and such of the inhabitants as escaped



Jaffa (formerly called Joppe), the Gate of Palestine.



Entrance to the Chapel of the Holy Sepulcher in the Rotunda of the Church of the Holy Sepulcher.

the flames perished by the sword. In succeeding centuries the town was twelve times destroyed and as often rebuilt. At least a small number of Christian converts were made very early in Jaffa, or Joppe, as the city was then called, for it was here that St. Peter worked one of his most wonderful miracles in the restoring of Tabitha to life. The church of Jaffa was raised to the dignity of a bishopric under Constantine in 336 A. D. It was fortified by the Crusaders under Godfrey de Bouillon in 1099 A. D., taken by Saladin in 1187, recaptured by Richard Coeur de Lion, again lost by the Christians to Melek-el-Adel, and later on ceded with other Syrian ports to Frederick, emperor of Germany. In 1252 St. Louis fortified Jaffa, and built there a fine church with ten altars, giving the sacred edifice into the charge of the Franciscan Friars. The city was besieged by Napoleon in 1799, partially destroyed by an earthquake in 1838, and connected with the holy city by a railroad in 1892. Such, in brief, is the history of Jaffa, the city that now lay before us, its terraces glittering in the light of the rising sun. Once strongly fortified, its walls

are in ruins to-day; and its streets, steep and narrow, wind upward to the summit of the hill on which the city is built.

No sooner had we cast anchor before the town than our vessel was surrounded, as at Corfu, by small boats manned by dark-skinned, dirty, half-naked, and exceedingly vociferous natives, to whose mercies we very literally committed ourselves after some slight custom-house formalities had been gone through. The boatmen picked us up from the ship ladder and put us into the boats as if we had been so many packages. The harbor is so bad as to be dangerous even for rowboats except under the management of men thoroughly acquainted with the rocks and shoals wherewith its waters are beset. Steamers cannot get in at all. No steps are provided at the landing-place, and in order to reach terra firma it is necessary to take a long stride. Even then the ascent was accomplished only by the help of some vigorous pushing and pulling at the hands of our neighbors. When the "baksheesh" demanded by our rowers had been honestly paid they departed, and we realized that, at last, we

were standing on the shore of Asia—we were truly in the Holy Land. I longed to fall upon my knees and kiss the sacred soil as pilgrims and Crusaders did of old, but the quay was not the place for the indulgence of such devotion. Moreover we were called upon just then to display ours after another fashion. As soon as the whole body of pilgrims had gained the street we formed in procession, keeping to the original groups or divisions into which we had been arranged at Feldkirch. Each division was preceded by its own Jerusalem cross, and every pilgrim wore his or her own proper number. In this way order was preserved and every one knew his place. When all had fallen into rank we began to move, and proceeded slowly through the narrow streets toward the church of the Franciscans, reciting the Rosary aloud as we walked. Once inside the church we were free to kiss the ground and say the *Pater* and *Ave* whereby we hoped to gain the plenary indulgence granted to pilgrims to the Holy Land. Henceforth in this narrative each place where a plenary indulgence may be gained will be marked by a small cross (†) and

by an asterisk (*) when the indulgence granted is partial.

The Rev. Father Karli, President of the Association of Swiss Pilgrims to Jerusalem, made a short speech, and then we sang the *Te Deum* with great fervor and enthusiasm. We had indeed reason to praise and thank our good God for His wonderful protection as well as for the great grace accorded to so few—the happiness of visiting the Holy Land.

The chapel of the Franciscan convent, which also serves as the parish church, is built in the Roman style. It was erected in 1888, and consecrated to St. Peter, whose picture hangs over the high altar.

As we had to wait three hours before we could leave for Jerusalem, we took the opportunity of strolling through the city, and thus obtained some idea of the kind of life led by the natives of an Eastern town.

The eye rested upon merchants vending every variety of wares in the many bazars; men in gaudy turbans and mantles lounged in front of the coffee-houses, smoking, drinking, or gambling; and

beggars of every size and every shade of color noisily plied their trade. Everywhere might be heard chatter in many languages, chiefly Arabic, Italian, and French, with now and then a sentence in German. The air was laden with odors which were, to us, as novel as the sounds.

My father and I, with some other members of our party, visited the Arabian bazar, the fruit and vegetable garden, the German settlement outside the town, and the Hotel Palestina, situated in a beautiful park. It formerly belonged to the Knights Templars. There I saw for the first time the imperial palm proudly waving on high its crown of verdure, and admired the beauty of the orange trees and other semi-tropical plants and flowers. In due time we returned to the railway station, where two special trains were awaiting the pilgrims, and took our seats, after purchasing several baskets of grapes which little boys were offering for sale on the platform. The grapes of Jaffa and Jerusalem are the finest I ever saw. Many of our friends were tempted by the exquisite color and beauty of the pomegranates also. - The fruit of Jaffa is of much finer

quality than the manners of the inhabitants, whose chief characteristic seemed to be an unblushing effrontery rarely to be met with elsewhere. We heard what must surely be the national anthem of the East chanted continuously on every side—the eternal hymn of “bak-sheesh” sung to all tunes by great and small in every street.

When every one had taken his place the train started, and although it was to be four hours in making thirty-three miles, we felt that so far from having a right to complain, we ought rather to feel thankful that Jerusalem could be reached in less than a day, which was not the case a very short time ago.

We left Jaffa at mid-day, and the temperature of the crowded carriages may be more easily imagined than described. Nearly all the pilgrims, overcome by the heat and wearied by the long walk through and about Jaffa, disposed themselves to sleep. But for me the opportunity was too precious to be lost. Rest might be taken at some other place or time, for in all probability I should never see the Holy Land again. So

I wrestled valiantly with the foe, overcame him, and remained awake.

The road lay through fine orchards and gardens, with groves of orange, lemon, olive, almond, and pomegranate trees, interspersed here and there with figs. High and impenetrable hedges of cactus fenced in these widely renowned gardens of Jaffa which, unfortunately, we did not see at their best, for this was the dry season and everything looked parched. Jaffa truly lies in the midst of an earthly paradise, but it is a paradise over which the sentinel angel appears to wave his fiery sword at some seasons of the year.

Leaving Jaffa and its environs we reached the Plain of Sharon, made famous by the inspired pen of Solomon in the Canticle of Canticles. But Solomon must have seen it in spring. It is bare enough in September; not a flower was visible, nor sign of life given by anything except a few scattered sheep.

Our first stopping place after Jaffa was Lydda, called in the Old Testament, Lod. This city was early erected into a bishopric, and here St. Peter cured Eneas "who was ill of the palsy."

A synod was held here in 414 to examine into the doctrines of Pelagius, who denied original sin and the necessity of grace. The city was taken by the Crusaders in 1099.

Lydda is now a small town of about six thousand inhabitants, of whom one thousand nine hundred and fifty belong to the disunited Greeks, thirty are Protestants, and the rest Mohammedans. The town contains a church dedicated to St. George, who was born here, but suffered martyrdom at Nicomedia under Diocletian.

Ramleh, the next station, is said to have been the birthplace of both Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus. Richard Ceour de Lion made the town his headquarters during the third Crusade, and it remained in possession of the Christians until 1266. There are two schools in Ramleh; one of which is directed by the Franciscans, the other by the Josephites. The tower of the Forty Martyrs is at no great distance. From Ramleh we took our way over a range of low hills until we reached Abana, where the mountains of Judea begin. It was in this part of the country—at el-Lekhi—that Samson fought against the Philistines,

and we were shown a grotto hewn out of the rock which tradition declares to have been his.

After the fifth and last station the road lay up a continuous ascent, following the windings of the rocky defiles. In one of these, called the Valley of Roses—it ought rather to have been named the Valley of Stones—we saw to our right the Fountain of St. Philip, where the holy deacon baptized the chamberlain of Queen Candace, and we also passed through the Valley of Raphaim, the scene of David's struggle with the Philistines. The valley is naturally fertile, and is kept in a fine state of cultivation. From the train we could see women and children moving through the olive groves, vineyards, and vegetable gardens, weeding and watering with great care.

At last the train stopped. We had actually reached Jerusalem, El Kuds, the Holy, as it is called by the Turks, and there was something, just a tinge, of disappointment, about the manner of our arriving. To dismount from one's horse after a journey over hill and dale, and throw one's self upon one's knees to kiss the blessed soil, and

sing a glad *Te Deum*, would have been far more consonant with one's feelings as well as with preconceived ideas than to pour with crowds out of a railway train onto a wooden platform as we did. Still, our procession of five hundred pilgrims was imposing, at least, and made up for much that otherwise was lacking. Happily the station is situated at a distance of nearly an hour's walk from Jerusalem, and is hidden behind a hill. Modern improvements, however convenient, are out of place here; and the actual sight of a railway with all its appurtenances in the holy city would spoil everything.

Our procession was formed in five divisions as usual. Four marshals in picturesque costume, each bearing a drawn sword in one hand and in the other his staff of office, with which he struck the ground at every step, came first. Immediately behind these officials was borne the banner of the Swiss and Austrian pilgrims. Each division of the procession was preceded by the gold cross of Jerusalem. In the third division came His Lordship the Bishop and all the priests, following the statue of the Blessed Virgin, which

had accompanied the pilgrims throughout their journey so far, and then the two last divisions brought up the rear. Mounted police rode on either side of the way both as a protection and to clear a passage with their leather whips, if necessary, through the gathering crowds. The Rosary was recited aloud until we came in sight of the holy city, when the hymn of the pilgrims was sung. Passing through Montefiore's Jewish colony we entered by the Jaffa gate(†), where a plenary indulgence may be gained, and could at last say with the Royal Psalmist: "Our feet have stood within thy courts, O Jerusalem!" We passed the city of David and through the Christian street to the church of the Holy Sepulcher. It would be impossible to describe the sensations of awe, reverence, and devotion with which, in spite of bodily fatigue and exterior circumstances, the Christian is overwhelmed on that first entrance into Jerusalem. It was as if we had been caught up from earth and wrapped in higher atmosphere. The people of the neighborhood, both within and without the gate, gathered in groups on either side of the street, but were quiet and well-behaved.

We have no time to look about us now, later on we shall see more of the life in the streets.

Arrived in the church(†) we arranged ourselves before and around the chapel of the Holy Sepulcher, and after a short discourse delivered by a Franciscan Father, sang the *Te Deum*—a fitting expression of the gratitude we felt at finding ourselves here, on the most sacred spot in the whole world. I could hardly believe that my wishes were at last realized, that I could tarry here, where Our Savior lived, suffered, and died.

After satisfying their devotion the pilgrims were conducted to the hospices which were to be their abiding-place during their stay in Jerusalem. The first three divisions were lodged in the hospice known as Notre Dame de France, the fourth in the Casa Nuova of the Franciscans, the fifth in the Austrian hospice. The two latter hospices are situated inside the walls of the city. We were domiciled in Notre Dame de France, which was built upon Mount Gareb by the Fathers of the Assumption in 1885. Like the other two this house is devoted to the reception of pilgrims, who are received and welcomed with the greatest

hospitality. Notre Dame de France is a large stone building facing Mount Olivet. The rooms are wide and lofty, clean, and simply furnished. The towers command a fine view of the holy city, and as the house stands on an eminence just without the walls, the air is comparatively fresh and pure. In the fine Gothic chapel built by the Fathers, the statue of the Blessed Virgin behind the altar and the arch at the entrance of the sanctuary are lighted with electric lamps every evening during Benediction. A well-kept flower and vegetable garden lies before the house.

Immediately after supper we retired to a rest that was rendered doubly necessary by the fatigue and excitement of the wonderful day through which we had just passed. The Misses Von Werra and I learned with much pleasure that we were to share our room in the hospice as we had shared a cabin on board the boat. We were glad to find ourselves once more together.

But tired as I was, the very causes of weariness rendered sleep impossible, and hours passed before I could close my eyes in slumber on that first night of our sojourn in the Holy Land.

Before telling further of our pilgrimage, I will give a short description of the holy city, just to bring its changing fate back to our memories.

History and Description of Jerusalem

To nearly all civilized peoples Jerusalem is the holy city. It is sacred to the Jews as having been the center of their past glories, and the place wherein stood that magnificent Temple whose ruins they still revere. It is sacred to Christians as the scene of the suffering and death of Our Lord; and to the Moslems because the Mosque of Omar stands within its walls.

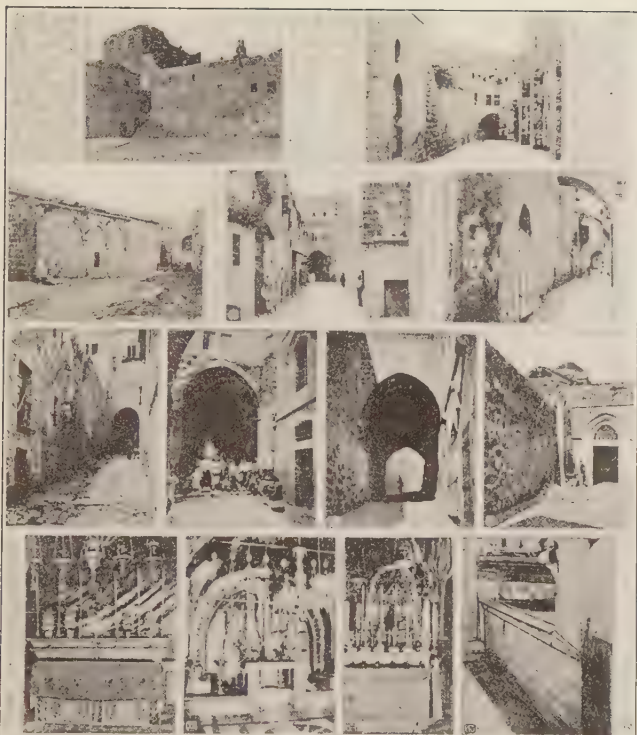
Jerusalem, the Salem of old, was founded, according to Jewish tradition, by Melchisedech, king and high priest, about two thousand years before Christ. Fifty years later it fell into the hands of the Jebusites, who built a fortress on Mount Sion, and from its name Jebus, with Salem, was formed the word Jerusalem, which, according to St. Paul, signifies the city or vision of peace. The Jebusites lost the city to the Hebrews 1445 B. C., but retained possession of Mount Sion, which did not fall into the hands of

the chosen people until 1048 B. C., when it was finally conquered by David, and the citadel was ever afterwards known by his name. Solomon built his magnificent Temple on Mount Moria opposite Mount Sion, the city of David, and further enriched and beautified Jerusalem by the erection of palaces and other buildings. Thus it became both the political and the religious center of Palestine.

By the separation of the tribes and the erection of Israel into a separate kingdom in the time of Solomon's son Roboam, Jerusalem lost much of her political importance, but still remained the sacred city in the eyes of all true believers, since here was situated the only Temple wherein sacrifice might lawfully be offered to the one true God. During a period of three centuries Judea suffered much from foreign invasion. The holy city was plundered by the Assyrians, who burned the temple and drove many of the inhabitants into captivity. Some few years later it was besieged and taken by Nabuchodonosor, who swept off all the nobles and princes of Jerusalem together with the treasures of the Temple, into

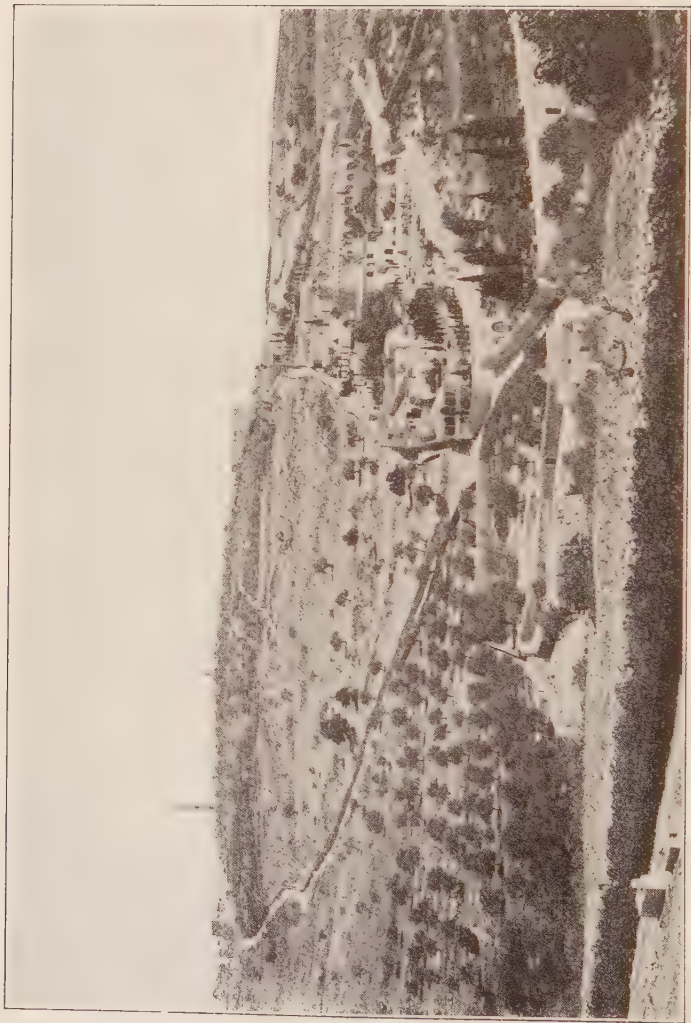
Babylon, where, with the people of Judea, they remained in captivity until Babylon became, in turn, the prey of the Medes and Persians. They were allowed to return by Cyrus after an exile that had lasted seventy years. The city and Temple were rebuilt by Nehemias and were spared by Alexander the Great when he became the conqueror of Persia and its dependencies. After his death, Judea—and by consequence Jerusalem—fell to the lot of Ptolemy Soter, and remained tributary to Egypt for more than a century. Antiochus wrested it from the Egyptians, 199 B. C. The city was almost totally destroyed by Antiochus Epiphanes, 171 B. C., and the Temple desecrated. After a long struggle the Machabees succeeded in restoring the independence of their country, which was governed by their descendants, the Asmoneans, until its conquest by the Romans under Pompey, 63 B. C.

Herod the Idumean, afterwards known as Herod the Great, contrived, through the influence of Marc Antony, to obtain from Augustus the title of king of Judea. In order to curry favor with the Jews he became a proselyte, restored



THE FOURTEEN STATIONS OF THE CROSS IN JERUSALEM.

I. Jesus is condemned: Court outside the barracks. II. Jesus is laden with the Cross: St. Stephen's Gate Street. III. First Fall: Before the Austrian hospice. IV. Jesus meets His Mother: Before a small Armenian Catholic church. V. Simon of Cyrene: Lower end of the Street of the Frank. VI. Veronica: Greek Catholic Chapel. VII. Second Fall: Judgment Gate and small chapel of the Franciscans. VIII. Weeping Women: An "VIII" in the wall of a Greek Convent. IX. Third Fall: Broken column at residence of Coptic Bishop. X. Jesus is stripped: Inscription on ground in Latin chapel in Golgotha. XI. Jesus nailed to Cross: Altar of the Crucifixion. XII. Jesus Dies: Greek Altar. XIII. Jesus taken from Cross: Altar Mater Dolorosa. XIV. Jesus laid in tomb: Chapel Holy Sepulcher.



Mount of Olives with walled Grotto of the Agony and the Garden of Gethsemani alongside, with high cypress trees. Above it the Russian Church of St. Magdalen. On top the Carmelite Convent and "Dominus flevit."

the Temple with a magnificence almost equal to that of Solomon, and rebuilt Jerusalem, adorning the city with many fine edifices—notably the tower or citadel of Antonia. Toward the end of his reign, four thousand years from the creation of the world, the Messiah was born. It was Herod who ordered the massacre of the Holy Innocents. On his death Palestine was divided among his three sons, Archelaus, Philip, and Antipater. Archelaus became king of Judea, but on his disgrace and banishment ten years later, the title was forfeited. Thenceforth Roman governors were appointed to rule Judea, until its honors were restored thirty-seven years later, when Herod Agrippa, grandson of Herod the Great, became king. Pontius Pilate, the fifth Roman governor, condemned Our Lord to the death of the cross. Herod Agrippa enlarged Jerusalem by extending it toward the northwest, thus bringing Mount Calvary within the walls. Under this, the last Jewish king, St. Peter was imprisoned, and St. James the Less suffered martyrdom. -

After the death of Agrippa the Romans again

appointed governors, who exasperated the Jews by their exactions, and thus gave rise to petty seditions and rebellions which at last drew down the vengeance of Rome. In consequence Jerusalem was besieged and levelled to the ground by Titus. The Temple was burned in spite of a command issued by the general for its preservation, and thus the prediction of Our Lord that not a stone should be left upon a stone of the once highly favored city was literally fulfilled. Jerusalem was rebuilt by Hadrian, but the new city was not more than half the size of the Jerusalem of Herod the Great. A temple to Jupiter was erected on Mount Moria, and the city, from which Ophel was now cut off, was re-named *Ælia Capitolina*.

A number of Christians settled in the paganized city, and were governed in matters connected with religion by a bishop of their own. Its honors and its name were restored to Jerusalem by Constantine, whose mother, the Empress St. Helena, visited the city, discovered the true cross, and erected churches on the sites of many of the holy places, in 326 A.D. Under the

Pontificate of Pope St. Gregory the Great, a Benedictine monastery, a hospital, and a hospice for the reception of pilgrims were founded by Probus. The Persians under Chosroes II. took the holy city, slew many of her priests, and captured the true cross, 614 A.D., but were in turn conquered by the Greek Emperor, Heraclius. He rebuilt the churches, re-established the Christian dominion in Jerusalem, and regained the true cross. In 637 Syria was invaded by the Mohammedans, who coveted the possession of the holy places. They conquered Palestine, and the sufferings endured by the unhappy Christians under their rule are too well known to need repetition here. Accounts of their misery brought to Europe by Peter the Hermit fired the chivalrous spirit of the Middle Ages. Princes, nobles, and people from every civilized nation of the west gathered at the cry of "God wills it" to join the first Crusade. In 1099 Jerusalem was taken from the infidels by Godfrey de Bouillon, only to be lost again in 1187. St. Francis and his brethren founded a convent on Mount Sion close to the Cenacle, in 1219. The mere mention of

the Crusades recalls many of the great names that became famous in the so-called Dark Ages: Philip Augustus, Richard Coeur de Lion, Frederic Barbarossa, St. Louis, veritable heroes who were ready to dare all and risk all in the cause of God. Their aim was to regain Palestine and the holy places, but what their faith and courage strove for and won was lost, not from lack of either faith or courage, but rather because the charity was lacking of which St. Paul says that it "envieth not, seeketh not its own." While the Christians quarrelled among themselves, Palestine again and again became the prey of the infidels, until the opportunity was lost, and the time wherein the holy places might have been rescued for Christendom had passed away.

Crusades are no longer the fashion—they belonged to the "dark" Middle Ages. Our modern policy is peace, tolerance, even with Islam! We know that the holy city is no longer the royal, proud Jerusalem of former days. Jerusalem lost its sceptre on the day that the Roman arms fulfilled the prophecies of Our Savior.

Jerusalem is unlike any other city: it is a great,

gloomy heap of ruins and tombs; its brooks are dried, the stream Cedron is without water, the ground is parched and covered with the rubbish of three centuries; whichever way we look we are reminded of death and destruction. But the ideas which went forth from here rule the world; the truths of Christianity set free and regenerate the nations.

I shall not attempt to describe the ancient Jerusalem. An abler pen than mine must tell of the glories that are passed away forever. I will write only of the holy city of to-day.

Jerusalem stands on a barren chalk plateau at a height of 2600 feet above the level of the sea. The city is built upon several hills which sink precipitously into deep valleys, almost chasms, on the west, south, and east, but extend into a plain on the north. In the course of ages the size and structure of these hills have become greatly changed, and the many demolitions to which Jerusalem has been subjected at the hands of her enemies have helped partially to fill the valleys at her feet with rubbish, so that their depth is less than it was of old. The Valley of Cedron

or Josaphat on the east separates Jerusalem from Mount Olivet, whose elevation is slightly higher than that of the plateau on which the city is built, and from the Hill of Offense. To the south is Hinnom, and to the west the Valley of Gehenna. Two other heights besides Mount Olivet rise very near to Jerusalem; one, Mount Scopus, is like a continuation of Mount Olivet, while on the south, over-shadowing the Valley of Hinnom, stands the Mount of Evil Counsel. The wall which at present surrounds the city was built by Solyman the Magnificent in 1534 and in style and structure resembles those erected during the Crusades. The material used in their construction is a yellowish sandstone.

Jerusalem is rectangular in form, contains four principal streets, and is entered by four gates. The Jaffa gate on the west opens on the Bethlehem road, which leads also to Jaffa; the Damascus gate on the north points the way to Damascus and is the finest and most strongly fortified of the four; St. Stephen's gate, or the gate of the Virgin, opens towards Mount Olivet; the Sion gate is on the south. Besides the four streets which run

parallel with the walls, three others of importance cut through the city. The first passes eastward from the Jaffa gate to Mount Moria, the site of the ancient Temple, where the Mosque of Omar now stands. The second street runs from north to south between the Damascus gate and the gate of Sion, passing the church of the Holy Sepulcher. The third street is between St. Stephen's gate and the church of San Salvator. Most of the Stations of the Cross are on this street. The inhabitants of Jerusalem comprise representatives of four nationalities, and each nationality is settled in its own quarter. These divisions are the Christian Quarter in the northwestern part of the city, where are situated the principal Christian churches and institutions, as the San Salvator, the church of the Holy Sepulcher, the Latin Patriarchal church, Casa Nuova, and others; the Armenian quarter, in the southwest, with its large convent built upon Mount Sion; the Mohammedan Quarter in the northeast, wherein are located the residence of the Pasha, the Mosque of Omar, St. Ann's church, the convent of Notre Dame de Sion, and

the Austrian hospice; and last, the Jewish Quarter in the southeast.

The interior of Jerusalem as it is to-day presents no agreeable picture. The streets are narrow and irregular; the houses are built of stone and have flat roofs, barred windows, and low doors. All are dark, dirty, and mal-odorous to the last degree. There are no places of amusement in the holy city; no theaters, no museums, no gardens, no parks. Jerusalem is distinguished by its sanctuaries. It is itself a sanctuary alike to Christians, Mohammedans, and Jews. The suburbs are pleasanter by far than the city itself. The streets are wider and cleaner; well-built villas situated in fine gardens are here and there to be seen; and many noble institutions, both Greek and Latin, uplift their roofs above the dwelling houses in whose midst they stand.

Climate and Vegetation

The climate is generally healthy. The heat, although great in summer, is rendered endurable by the breezes that blow in from the sea. The nights are almost cold, and strangers are warned

against going out after dark on account of the malaria which prevails. Father Franz, the director of our pilgrim division, told us that the shutters in his cell were covered every morning with thick drops of dew. During the day the heat is such as might be experienced at noontide in August at home, and is tempered by strong winds which were very refreshing in spite of the dust which they raised and blew into our faces. There is less dust in the city than in the suburbs, for the streets are paved with cobble-stones; but these are rough and uneven, and, moreover, exceedingly slippery, circumstances that render walking both difficult and unpleasant. Beyond the walls dust lies thick everywhere, imparting a grayish white appearance to the foliage of the cacti and olive trees which serve as hedges here. No rain falls from April till September, and during the dry months everything is parched and dead. The river beds become mere stony hollows, and no cool verdure refreshes the eye, as in the meadows and on the hillsides of less arid lands. The soft green of the olives, almost the only trees to be met with in and about Jerusalem, harmonizes well with its

surroundings; anything more fresh and vivid would be out of place. The effect of the alternations of color from blue green to silver gray, caused by gusts of wind rustling the foliage, is particularly beautiful. The grape-vine, which however is not cultivated in the immediate vicinity of Jerusalem, is of a brighter green, as is also the foliage of the fig. The vine grows wild about Bethlehem and St. John's.

The population of Jerusalem at the time of Alexander the Great numbered one hundred and twenty thousand; at the time of Our Lord it had increased to two hundred thousand; to-day it has dwindled to sixty-five thousand six hundred and thirty, of whom fifty-five thousand are Jews, two thousand three hundred Latins, one hundred and fifty Orthodox Greeks, twenty Armenians, one hundred Copts, four hundred Protestants, and seven thousand six hundred and sixty Mohammedans. This slight preliminary account was necessary in order to render more intelligible the description of our rambles in and around the holy city. The eight days we spent in Jerusalem are to me among the holiest and happiest of my

life. I would compare them to an eight days' retreat; a retreat, moreover, made in a place whose very atmosphere was redolent of the love, sufferings, and death of Our Lord, but differing from ordinary retreats in this, that the stones, streets, mountains, all the spots we visited, were silent preachers that touched our hearts and drew every thought away from earth to the consideration of the things of God.

High Mass and Sermon in the Church of the Holy Sepulcher

Sept. 8th.—To comparatively few, perhaps, is the privilege granted of offering congratulations to the Blessed Virgin on the feast of her Nativity in the land of her birth. Following a programme already prepared, the pilgrims assisted at the High Mass offered at 6 A.M. in the church of the Holy Sepulcher. I was glad to profit by an opportunity that presented itself during the service of going to confession in a chapel adjoining that of the Holy Sepulcher in which the Mass was sung. - I afterwards received holy communion at the altar of the Mater Dolorosa on

Mount Calvary, for the church of the Holy Sepulcher covers the sacred hill. Masses were being celebrated at all the altars, and one might communicate at any. There are neither benches, prie-dieux, nor sanctuary rails in the church. The communicants knelt upon the altar-steps, holding a gold paten, which was passed from one to another, instead of a communion cloth. During Mass the native Christians recite the Rosary with great devotion, and at the Consecration throw themselves prostrate on the floor, touching the pavement with their foreheads. I shall never forget that first communion in Jerusalem received at the altar of the Mater Dolorosa. It was as though my Mother in heaven, knowing my devotion to her sorrows, wished me to receive her divine Son first at the foot of her own altar—the altar which bears the title I so dearly love. Many graces I asked and I hope obtained there at her hands; graces for myself and for my beloved relatives, benefactors, and friends.

When the services, that is the High Mass and sermon, were over, we returned to the hospice. The sun was mounting in the heavens, and it

behooves all who have no business that calls them out of doors to remain within during the great heat—that is, between the hours of ten in the morning and three in the afternoon. Everybody who is not prevented from doing so by imperative business takes a siesta after dinner, and the streets are almost deserted at that time.

St. Ann's Church—The Pool of Bethesda —The Cave of Jeremias

At about half-past two we went to visit St. Ann's church near the gate of St. Stephen. Like almost all the sanctuaries of Jerusalem, St. Ann's has a long history, and has been subjected to many vicissitudes, but it would take too long to relate them here. The Christians have always venerated the site of the church as that on which stood the dwelling of SS. Joachim and Ann, in which Our Lady was born. The present edifice with the adjoining buildings was erected by the French and given by them to Cardinal Lavigerie, who founded here a convent of White Fathers and a seminary for the benefit of Greek students belonging to the true Church, wherein

they may pursue their theological studies free of charge. The seminary is under the direction of the White Fathers. As we crossed a wide court to reach the church, which is built entirely of white stone, and in very simple style, the students entertained us with the music of their band. The nave of the church is divided into three aisles, and over the high altar is a large statue of St. Ann teaching the infant Mother of God. After assisting at Vespers, at which His Lordship the Bishop officiated, we descended into the crypt of the nativity of the Holy Virgin(†), which is hewn out of the rock. Here, according to a tradition very generally accepted in spite of differing opinions, Mary was born. Although they had possessions in Galilee, there is little doubt but that Joachim and Ann also owned a dwelling in Jerusalem, and Eastern tradition locates the house near the Pool of Bethsaida. The inhabitants of the holy city could hardly be induced to acknowledge either Sephoris, Bethlehem, or Nazareth as the birthplace of Mary. Each of these cities has laid claim to the honor,

and the claim of each has found supporters at one period or another.

A niche in the crypt contains an altar with a statue of the Immaculate Conception; and to the right is shown a tiny cradle wherein reposes a doll wrapped in swaddling-clothes and adorned with ribbons and lace. This is intended as a representation of Mary Immaculate, the pure lily among thorns, the most lovely infant that, up to the time of her birth, had ever gladdened earth with its beautiful presence.

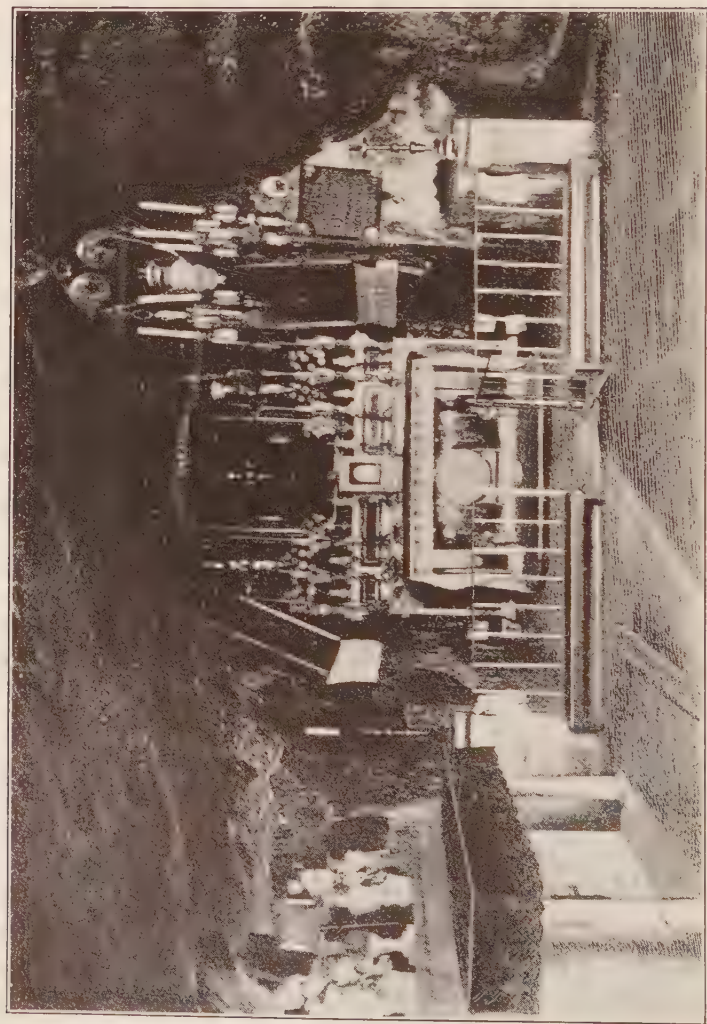
But little time could be spent by each party in the crypt, as the space was small and the pilgrims many, but we were satisfied under the circumstances, and Mary well knew the love that was in our hearts and how gladly all would have lingered if they might. On leaving the church, refreshments were hospitably provided by the White Fathers, and we again enjoyed the music of the band. In the court I gathered a little branch of wild pepper, whose feathery foliage and red berries are particularly beautiful. We next turned our steps toward the Pool of Bethesda (*), where Our Lord healed the infirm man

who had been suffering thirty-eight years. Tablets bearing in many languages the Gospel account of this miracle hang on the wall of the passage leading to the tank which is approached by several steps, but is now quite dry. Ruins of old walls and broken columns lie scattered about the Pool.

Leaving the Pool of Bethesda we went out by the gate of St. Stephen through the Valley of Josaphat (*), and turning to the northeast, reached the spot whence Godfrey de Bouillon is said to have made his first onslaught on the holy city, 1099 A.D. From this a footpath between stone walls brought us to the cave of Jeremias, the largest and most imposing of any that we visited. It is forty feet in length, thirty-five in width, and its circumference is one hundred and thirty. Here the Prophet is believed to have composed his Lamentations six hundred years before the coming of Our Lord. The grotto, which is venerated alike by Christians, Jews, and Mohammedans, contains a stone ledge or bench, eight or ten feet in height, called the bed of Jeremias; and also the tomb of the Sultan Ibrahim. In the fifteenth century the cave was



On the left, the facade of the subterranean Church of the Sepulcher of the Blessed Virgin.
On the right, entrance to the Grotto of the Agony.



Grotto of the Agony at the foot of Mt. Olivet.

guarded by Turkish monks, who had a convent here, but the keys of the entrance are now kept by a dervish. We returned by the gate of Damascus to our beloved hospice, and there attended Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, which is given daily at 6.30 P.M. Afterwards came a well earned supper and repose.

What do people eat and drink in Jerusalem? somebody will ask, for although the consideration of such mundane matters is supposed to form no part of the exercises of a pilgrimage, it is interesting to learn how people live in the Far East. What the food of the natives may be I do not know; we were served both at dinner and supper with two dishes of meat—generally mutton—with vegetables and salad, followed by fresh figs or grapes as dessert. A cup of black coffee never fails to appear at every meal, and the really excellent wine provided is drunk of necessity, for good, pure water is not to be had, nor much of any quality, more especially at this season. Palestine is not blessed with anything like our clear, cold mountain and glacier streams and rivers. The water supply of the holy city

is obtained from rain and surface drainage carefully hoarded in cisterns without the walls, and brought into Jerusalem in dirty tin vessels and bottles made of pigskin. Of course those who like it take it, and I hope it may be for their good. It would certainly have conduced to one's personal comfort if a little more of the precious fluid might have been allowed for washing purposes, but as this was apparently impossible, I accepted the very short measure doled out with the best grace I could under the circumstances, and as a penance due to my sins. Being blessed with the best of health, and in all respects well looked after, I had but little mortification or suffering of any kind to endure.

The Stations of the Cross

September 9th.—This morning my father and I received holy communion in the grotto of Gethsemani (†)—but I will describe the sanctuary later on, only remarking here that I preferred it to any I had yet seen, and that I continually returned to it in thought. The sky was overcast as we returned through the town, and the clouds

were so black and heavy, that I expected a thunder storm, but no such thing is to be feared in Jerusalem—at this season at all events. After breakfast we all went in procession to make the Way of the Cross. Never had I made that wonderful “Way” with such devotion and recollection. Who would attempt to express the emotions of compassion, contrition, gratitude and love which filled the hearts of His faithful children as they followed the route once stained and consecrated by the precious blood of Our Redeemer! We went first to the chapel of the Scourging (†), which stands on the Via Dolorosa, opposite the judgment hall of Pilate. The Franciscans are building a beautiful church to be dedicated under the same title, close to the present chapel of the Scourging. The work is done by Arabs under the direction of a Franciscan Father, and all the materials employed are brought into the city on the backs of donkeys and camels, because no wheeled vehicle ever traverses the streets of Jerusalem. Donkeys and camels are most useful, and indeed necessary, in the East, as beasts of burden. The

camel is capable of carrying as heavy a load as a horse can draw.

The present chapel of the Scourging is surrounded by high walls and entered by a narrow door. Several lamps are kept burning under the high altar, illuminating a marble tablet on which are inscribed in letters of gold the words: "Here Christ was scourged."

From the chapel we went in procession, reciting the Rosary as we went, to Mount Antonia, the First Station. We were accompanied by two policemen, whose business it was to keep order and drive back the inevitable beggars and street vendors. This they accomplished by the utterance of sharp cries of warning, or, where these proved unavailing, by still sharper applications of their leather whips. These drastic measures were accepted as matters of course by the various groups of Jews, Turks, and Arabs who gathered about us, gazing with curiosity, but making no attempt to distract our devotions. The Prætorium was a court in the castle of Antonia, the great Roman citadel that dominated the Temple from the northeast. It is now appropriated as

barracks to the use of the Turkish soldiers. In the court (†) outside these barracks we knelt, while the priest who conducted the devotions recited the prayers for the First Station: "Jesus is condemned to death."

From the tribunal Our Lord was led down a flight of marble steps, which three centuries later was taken by the Empress Helena to Rome, where it is still venerated at St. John Lateran as the Scala Santa. Its former position may still be traced in the barracks. At the foot of the staircase a cross on the wall marks the position of the Second Station: "Jesus is laden with His cross." Passing through the narrow street of Mary, about forty paces brings us to a stone arch built across the street, which is known as the arch of the Ecce Homo(†). From its summit Pilate exhibited Our Lord after the scourging, clad in a purple robe and crowned with thorns, as a mock king to the maddened crowd below with the words: "Behold the Man." Here stands the convent of Notre Dame de Sion founded by Father Ratisbonne. The street of Mary leads into the Damascus street, and here,

opposite the beautiful Austrian hospice, we pause at the place of the Third Station, where an inscription on the wall declares that: "Here Jesus fell under the cross the first time."

About one hundred and twenty feet further south the scene of the Fourth Station is marked by a small chapel (*) belonging to the Armenian Catholics. Here, as usual, we find an inscription: "The Blessed Virgin meets her Divine Son carrying His cross." Seventy feet from this, at the entrance of a street running westwards, is the Fifth Station: "Simon of Cyrene helps Jesus to carry His cross." Here also is a small chapel, and here the way begins to ascend. Presently we reach the Sixth Station: "Veronica wipes the face of Jesus."

Another ascent, and at the Judgment Gate(*), so-called because, under a somber archway, criminals condemned to death had the sentence again read over to them, a chapel belonging to the Franciscans marks the place of the Seventh Station: "Jesus falls a second time under the cross." This was formerly the last Station inside the walls; but since the enlargement of the city, all are included within its limits.

We continued our way through Bazar street to the street of the Christians, and made the Eighth Station before a sign on the wall: "Jesus consoles the women of Jerusalem." The path leading to the Ninth Station was blocked, so we retraced our steps, and taking the first street on our right, which runs toward the south, presently reached the foot of a flight of twenty steps. Mounting these we found ourselves in a street terminating in the residence of the Coptic bishop. A broken column at the entrance of this house is the place of the Ninth Station: "Jesus falls the third time."

The last five stations are in the church of the Holy Sepulcher, and in order to reach the entrance we had to descend the steps we had just mounted, turn back through several streets, and at last enter a narrow doorway which brought us to the space immediately surrounding the church.

Penetrated with awe and reverence we ascended the stairway that leads to Golgotha, and made the Tenth Station where an inscription on the ground informs us that here: "Jesus was stripped of His garments" (*).

A few feet to the east we find the altar of the Nailing to the Cross (†), and here a square in the pavement is marked with an inscription in mosaic: "Here Jesus was nailed to the cross." Fifteen feet to the northeast is the altar of the Crucifixion, belonging to the schismatic Greeks, who own the northern portion of Mount Calvary. Behind this altar is erected a large crucifix with figures of Our Lady and St. John standing at its foot, both wearing golden crowns; and under it a silver plate engraved with the words: "Here is the venerable place where was planted the holy cross." It was with intense devotion and most fervent gratitude that we made the Twelfth Station: "Jesus dies upon the cross."

We could spend but a few precious moments there, as it were under the very shadow of the cross; but what moments they were! Moments whose memory can never be effaced, even by the experiences of after years, be their joys and sorrows what they may.

Between the altar of the Nailing to the Cross and that of the Crucifixion stands a small altar dedicated to the Mater Dolorosa (*) and belong-

ing to the Latins. There we made the Thirteenth Station: "Jesus is taken down from the cross and laid in the arms of His Blessed Mother." Then we descended the steps to the chapel of the Holy Sepulcher, and made the last Station: "Jesus is laid in the tomb"(†).

We had been two hours in going over the Via Dolorosa, which is truly a sorrowful way when traversed by Christians in Jerusalem, where one follows in spirit Our Lord Himself laden with His cross, and seems almost to hear the shouts and cries of His enemies.

The distance between the castle of Antonia and the summit of Mount Calvary is really a walk of eight or ten minutes; but not only did we pause for the devotions at each Station, but our kind guide, the Franciscan Father Franz Schmidt, gave a most edifying and interesting little lecture at every halting-place. If only the Stations on the Via Dolorosa were the property of true Catholics! But, like nearly all the holy places in Jerusalem, they are in the hands of heretics and schismatics. - The children of the Church may visit them only, as it were, on sufferance. The

Franciscans, however, make the Stations here every Friday.

Ecce Homo and St. Stephen's Church

In the afternoon we visited the church of the Ecce Homo, belonging to the convent of Notre Dame de Sion, situated at the place where Pilate showed Our Lord to the people crowned with thorns, and the high priests, with their adherents, shouted: "Crucify Him! Crucify Him!" This church and convent were founded by the Rev. Father Alphonse Marie de Ratisbonne, and the building, begun in 1859, was finished in 1868. The style of the church is plain to severity. It is divided into middle and side aisles, and over the high altar stands a fine statue of Christ bound and crowned with thorns. Over this altar also rises an arch called the Ecce Homo Arch, with an inscription: "Away with Him!" written upon it in Greek. I liked this church particularly, and wished to visit it a second time.

We went into the convent, where refreshments were provided, and bought rosaries made by the orphan children of the institution. On leaving

Notre Dame de Sion we went by the gate of St. Stephen to a bare-looking Turkish cemetery on the eastern slope of Mount Moria. Here our policeman pointed out to us the graves of his parents. The tombs in this cemetery—composed of square stones laid one beside the other and supporting rectangular columns each surmounted by a stone fez—were scattered about in very irregular and disorderly fashion. We had to scramble among them, making our way as best we could. Here and there we encountered a woman closely veiled seated by a tomb. On leaving this dreary burial-place we passed the grotto of Jeremias, and took our way up a wide dusty street in order to visit the new church of St. Stephen, built by the French Dominicans. Its walls are adorned with fine pictures in mosaic. Close to the church is a college for the pursuit of biblical studies. From this place we could see the Swiss flag waving over our hospice, to which, tired but very happy, we were glad to return.

The Mount of Olives

Sept. 10th.—Any one who wishes to make excursions in Palestine will do well to start be-

times, for it is unwise to remain out after 10 A. M., when the great heat begins to make itself felt. To-day we were to visit Mount Olivet and its many sanctuaries, and were wending our way past the gate of Damascus, by the colossal remains of the ancient walls, through the gate of St. Stephen, and up the valley of Josaphat by early dawn—in fact before sunrise. We crossed the bed of the Cedron, now quite dry, meeting only heavily-laden camels and donkeys on their way to the city. Except for these the road was entirely deserted at that early hour. The light broke as we approached our destination, until at last the sun rose in golden glory over the holy mount. The spectacle was one of surpassing loveliness. The coloring of the Eastern skies is more delicate, and presents a greater variety of tints than elsewhere. The rising of the moon, as I watched it from my window at the hospice in the evenings, was almost as beautiful as the sunrise in the mornings. I find the mere recollection enchanting even now.

The path we followed after crossing the Cedron was that which had been so often trodden by

Our Lord in company with His Apostles. By this road He went out to Gethsemani on that last Holy Thursday evening; here He gave them the last instructions they were to receive before His death; here He took His loving farewell of those who so shortly afterwards, "leaving Him, fled away." Over this path He passed again that night, on His return to Jerusalem in the midst of His enemies bound as a malefactor, scoffed at and derided by the men whom He had come to save; while loud curses, fierce outcries, the flash of weapons, and the glare of torches, broke upon the peaceful quiet of Mount Olivet. We crossed a bridge and were shown in the dry bed of what was once "the torrent of Cedron" a stone bearing the distinct impression of a human knee, which is said by tradition to have been left by Our Lord when brutally pushed down by His captors while crossing the stream. The Ven. Anne Catherine Emmerich, speaking of this incident, truly remarks that the very rocks bore testimony to nature's faith in the Divinity of the Redeemer, and showed themselves less obdurate than were the hearts of men.

Moving eastwards we reached, at about one hundred feet to the right, a flight of steps leading to the church of the Sepulcher of Mary. The space before this church is paved with square stones, and a little farther on a descent of nine steps brought us to the grotto of Gethsemani. Here Jesus passed through that awful agony which many believe to have been the most terrible of all the terrible sufferings of His Passion. The Gospel tells the story simply and touchingly, and makes no mention of a grotto, but the cave in which we now knelt has always been held in veneration by the faithful as that which sheltered Our Lord during the agony and bloody sweat. A church was built over the grotto by the early Christians, and was still in existence in the time of St. Jerome. Sewulf visited it, so he tells us, in 1102; and it served as a church during the period of the Crusades under its original title of Holy Savior.

The Franciscans have celebrated Mass here daily since 1393. The grotto of Gethsemani (†) is a cave hewn out of the rock, which is now nearly black. It has been allowed to retain its natural,

irregular form, and in size is eighteen yards long by nine broad, and is about twelve feet high. It is lighted by an opening in the roof. The high altar stands at the end of the grotto exactly over the spot where, as is believed, Our Lord suffered His agony and bloody sweat. On the right a tablet of black marble is let into the wall bearing, in gold letters, the inscription (in Latin): "Here His sweat fell like drops of blood," and over the altar is hung a fine oil painting of our suffering Redeemer being consoled by an angel. Two more altars stand one on either side of the high altar. Lamps are kept continually burning here, and Masses were being said all the time we were in the grotto. We received holy communion at the high altar: "Here" where "His sweat fell like great drops of blood to the ground." That "here" pierces the heart of the Christian as with a golden dart; it compels one to fall prostrate in prayer. And to pray is easy here. Far from the noise and bustle of the world, apart from unbelievers, shut in from all that is scandalous or offensive, we can unite our feeble prayer with

that of our divine Lord. One would gladly remain here forever.

But we belonged to a body of pilgrims, and must go on to the garden of Gethsemani, which is separated from the grotto by a narrow footpath. This place, so often visited by Our Lord, is under the care of the Franciscans, who have converted it into a flower garden. It is surrounded by a wall whereon are hung the Stations of the Cross. Eight olive trees in the center of the garden, which are undeniably of great age, are said to have been offshoots of those under which the Savior of mankind rested, prayed, and instructed His Apostles. The numerous saplings or shoots which spring up year after year from the roots of the olive, if not removed, intertwine with one another and the parent stock until they altogether form one immense, short, crooked trunk. From these massive stems the branches grow out like thin rods. The beautiful Franciscan garden with its blooming flowers and flourishing trees is a little paradise, an oasis in the midst of the parched and dusty desert by which it is surrounded. We took breakfast here in a large grotto that has been



St. Ann's Church, containing the birthplace of Mary.



A donkey ride on Mount Olivet, accompanied by young Arabian drivers.

transformed into a summer-house. Outside the garden, to the right, a path some sixteen yards in length terminates at a spot called the Treason of Judas (†). Hence we ascended by a steep and stony way through dust and rubbish to the summit of Mount Olivet. Although still early in the forenoon the sun beamed hotly, and

“From the heated brow

Sweat is pouring now.”

Three roads lead to Mount Olivet. Half an hour's walk brought us to the top and to the Mosque of the Ascension, which stands over the spot whence Our Lord ascended into heaven. A church mentioned by both Eusebius and St. Jerome was built here by St. Helena, and rebuilt by Modestus, bishop of Jerusalem, after its destruction by Chosroes. A Benedictine convent stood on Mount Olivet in the time of Charlemagne; it was afterwards destroyed, probably by Saracens, and restored by the Crusaders. Later on the convent was demolished and the church desecrated and converted into a mosque, which is surrounded by a wall of rough stones. Enter-

ing at the eastern side we found ourselves in an octagonal building from twenty to twenty-two feet wide, and covered by a dome. Light is admitted by three small windows, but the walls are bare and the place empty. There is no sanctuary, no altar, nothing to mark it as a building dedicated to the worship of God. A mass of chalk bearing the imprint of the left foot of Our Lord is covered with marble, chiseled out to permit the footmark to be seen. Once a year, on Ascension Day, the Franciscans are allowed to offer the Holy Sacrifice on the spot whence Our Lord ascended. The good Fathers pitch tents here on that day, but Mass is celebrated in the mosque itself. We left the sanctuary, our hearts aching at the thought that it was in the hands of unbelievers, and that Christians may only visit as strangers what, by all titles, ought to be a church of their own.

To the north of the mosque of the Ascension stands a Russian church, whose tower is visited by tourists and others for the sake of a magnificent view to be obtained from its summit over Jerusalem and the "hill country" as far as the

Dead Sea. We were satisfied to enjoy almost the same view from its foot. Toward the west lay the Valley of Josaphat with its large burial-places; beyond rose Mount Moria and the beautiful dome of the Mosque of Omar; and further still lay the whole city of Jerusalem stretched out like an amphitheater. To the south, on the road to Bethléhem, we could see the convent of Elias with its towers, the Valley of Raphaim, the convent of Poor Clares, the railway station, the hill of Evil Counsel, and the Valley of Hinnom with the Potter's Field. To the south also rose the Hill of Offense, which is a portion of Mount Olivet. The desert of Judea stretches eastward to the Jordan and southeast as far as the Dead Sea, while like a gigantic wall, framing the picture on all sides, ran the long chain of mountains whose southwestern termination is that same sea of doom. The southern portion of the panorama is too grand ever to be forgotten. Descending the eastern slope of Mount Olivet we came to a little chapel, the property of the Franciscans, and to Bethphage, whence Our Lord made his solemn entry

into Jerusalem on Palm Sunday. From Bethphage we could see, lying at the foot of Mount Olivet, the village of Bethany, home of Martha and Mary and of their brother Lazarus, who was there raised to life by Our Lord. As we walked along the ridge of Mount Olivet toward the Carmelite convent of the *Pater Noster*, which takes its name from a tradition that the building stands on the spot where Our Lord taught the Lord's Prayer to His disciples, we were refreshed by a cool breeze. The Duchess La Tour d'Auvergne built the church and convent in 1869, and gave them to the Carmelites in 1876. Thirty-two stone tablets, on each of which is written the Pater Noster in a different language, are affixed to the wall of one of the convent cloisters, and a monument in white marble has been erected here to the memory of the Duchess, who died in 1891.

From this cloister we proceeded to the church (†), which is built in the Roman style. On the western slope of Mount Olivet we came to the chapel *Dominus flevit*: "The Lord wept" (*), and venerated the spot where Jesus shed tears over Jerusalem.

A good view of the city is obtained from the shady garden which lies before the sanctuary, and we rested there for a while, as He had done, to gaze upon the city of His love, imposing still, although it has been several times besieged and partially destroyed since the day when Our Lord looked down upon it from Mount Olivet. The mighty walls by which Jerusalem is surrounded give an idea of strength and power. Thousands of housetops rising irregularly, and apparently in heaps from the narrow streets, are surmounted by the minarets and steeples of innumerable mosques and churches, with the beautiful domes of the church of the Holy Sepulcher and the Mosque of Omar majestically dominating all. While resting in the garden we saw a funeral going on in the Jewish cemetery on the western slope of the mountain. The corpse, wrapped in white linen, was carried on a bier by two men. On reaching the grave the body was laid within it, and then what seemed to me a most dreadful scene began. The few mourners, joining hands with the gravediggers, *danced* in a circle round the open grave like so many heathens. How

long this lasted I do not know, for after watching it for some time with feelings of mingled sadness and disgust, we left the garden, impressed by the contrast afforded by this Jewish burial and the reverent and consoling ceremonies of the true Church.

A steep and rocky path brought us to the beautiful Russian church of St. Magdalen with its seven golden cupolas, built by the Czar in 1888. Then we returned to the garden of Gethsemani, and visited the church of the Sepulcher of Our Lady, which we had been unable to enter in the morning as the Greek service was going on. St. Helena, zealous for the adornment of all the holy places, erected a beautiful church over the burial-place of Mary. The Caliph Omar, who took Jerusalem in 636, went twice to pray within its walls. It was visited by St. Willibald in the eighth century, and the monk Bernard mentions the sanctuary as existing in the ninth. Godfrey de Bouillon founded a Benedictine convent here, but after the Crusades the latter was demolished by the infidels, as was also the church which stood over the tomb. That

of the crypt containing the sepulcher was spared out of reverence for the Mother of Jesus, who is held in high honor by the Moslems. The deserted sanctuary was purchased by the Franciscans in 1363. Some time later the Greeks accused the monks of having sold the body of Our Lady to the Pope, and on this pretext possessed themselves of the church. It reverted again to the Franciscans and changed hands more than once before 1757, when it was again seized by the Greeks in defiance of all right, and has been held by them ever since.

A descent of forty steps leads to the church, which was in utter darkness, and we were each provided with a candle, by whose feeble light we had to grope our way. SS. Ann and Joachim (*) are buried in this grotto, and we presently reached the tombs of the parents of Our Lady in a little chapel to the right containing two altars. Here also are the graves of St. Joseph and the aged Simon. An altar belonging to the schismatic Copts stands at the end of the staircase. At last we reached the sepulcher of Our Lady, but could see very little owing to the bad light, and

we remained here only a short time. The tomb, hewn out of the rock, is about three feet in height, and is encased in marble(†). The Copts and Greeks have each a chapel, and the Moham-medans a place of prayer in this church of the Sepulcher of Mary. Only the orthodox Catholics are without an altar they may call their own. The place did not excite me to fervor and I left it without regret, but not without a feeling of strong indignation. It is exasperating to think that even the empty tomb of our Mother should belong to any but her children. May that dear Mother around whose sepulcher Greek, Syrian, and infidel kneel in prayer, bring them all back to the bosom of the one true Church!

We met many lepers in the neighborhood of this church and near the garden and the grotto of Gethsemani. Although hospitals have been provided in Jerusalem for these poor creatures, they obstinately refuse to avail themselves of such friendly shelter, preferring to live in freedom and win a scanty subsistence by begging. Men, women, and children, in every stage of the loathsome disease, lay or crouched in the dust under

the hot sun, clothed in rags and shaking tin boxes at the passer-by, while crying "baksheesh" with horrible, screeching voices, whose appeal was far less moving than was the appearance of the sufferers. Their faces, half eaten away by their dreadful disease, were covered with flies. Some were without fingers, some had lost their hands—all presented a spectacle gruesome and even terrible to look upon. I tried to escape from the scene as quickly as possible, and threw some money to the miserable creatures with face averted and a heart penetrated with gratitude to God for the precious gift of health. Returning to the hospice we passed the place of the stoning of St. Stephen(*). It is marked by a mass of chalk.

Mount Sion—The Cenacle

In the afternoon, accompanied by Father Franz, we went to Mount Sion. Immediately within the Jaffa gate stands what is called "the city of David" on the site of the ancient fortress of the Jebusites, which was not taken by the warrior king until after he had "reigned seven years and six months in Hebron." The heathen

fortress was enlarged by the conqueror, who erected a palace and other buildings on Mount Sion, whence this addition to Jerusalem came to be known as the city of David. Herod the Great built a magnificent palace and laid out gardens for himself which he enclosed with a wall and guarded with three immense towers on the north side. These towers he called after his brother Hippicus, his friend Phasael, and his wife Mariamne. Only two of them remain. They were left standing by the Romans after the destruction of Jerusalem as evidences of the great strength of the city. The citadel is surrounded by a deep ditch, and occupies, with this ditch and the walls, a space measuring about one hundred and fifty yards from north to south, and about one hundred and twenty-five from east to west.

Some of the stones used in the construction of the citadel are from thirteen to nineteen feet long, and from four to five and a half wide. It is truly a colossal building, and gazing on its strength and solidity, apparently so indestructible, it is easy to understand why Mary is invoked in the

Litany as *Turris Davidica*,—the spiritual fortress which not all the armies of Satan might hope to overcome. The citadel has been converted into an arsenal, whence the cannon are fired at the beginning and end of the fast of Ramadan. It was not open to strangers. We presently came to the Armenian convent, the largest in Jerusalem, with its magnificent church dedicated to St. James. Here everything glitters with gold; the altars are richly decorated; precious carpets cover the ground; lamps and ostrich eggs suspended on cords of red silk hang from the ceilings; and massive candelabra of gigantic size support candles of painted wax. A mysterious light is shed upon the church from the large dome, and the place is pervaded everywhere by an atmosphere of Oriental luxury.

Through a door covered with mosaics in tortoise-shell and mother-of-pearl we entered a side chapel, which stands over the place where Herod “killed James, the brother of John, with the sword”(*). The Armenian convent (of nuns), separated from the church of St. James by a narrow street, occupies the site of the palace of

Annas, the father-in-law of the high priest Caiaphas, to which Jesus was led after His betrayal (*). Close by a small dark building is shown as that wherein Our Lord was confined, probably during the hours that intervened before He was sent by the priests to Pilate. The palace of Caiaphas adjoined that of Annas at the time of Our Lord, but the two sites are separated now by the city wall. Another Armenian convent stands here, where the chief object of interest is the court in which St. Peter denied His Master.

Our next halt was made at a sanctuary which, in the heart of every devout Christian, must stand second only to the church of the Holy Sepulcher. This it what once was called, and is still known among Christians as the Cenacle, and by its Mohammedan owners as the mosque of the tomb of David. Through a small court we reached a building whose exterior is anything but inviting. It was a great favor that we were allowed to proceed so far. But by special permission and the use of "baksheesh" we were even permitted to ascend to the chamber, accompanied by two or three Turkish soldiers. Here, in 1342,

the Franciscans raised a church over the site of the house wherein was “the large upper room furnished,” wherein Our Lord ate the last pasch with His disciples; where the Blessed Sacrament was instituted, and the Holy Ghost descended upon the members of the infant Church on the Day of Pentecost. According to tradition the house of the Cenacle belonged at the time of Our Lord to St. Joseph of Arimathea, and was composed of two stories, in one of which was the Cenaculum, or “upper room.” But it stood upon a portion of the site of the old palace of David, and the tombs of that monarch and his son Solomon are now enclosed within its walls. It is owing to their veneration for these tombs that the Turks guard the building so jealously, disliking to allow even the visits of strangers.

On the other hand Christians of all denominations regard the Cenacle with peculiar reverence as the place where Our Lord instituted the Holy Eucharist; and also in a less degree, because this was the house wherein the early Christians were accustomed to hold their meetings, in the

very beginning of the Church. William of Tyre tells us that it was always looked upon as the Mother Church. According to St. Epiphanius, who lived in the fourth century, this sanctuary was spared at the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus, and was converted into a church in the reign of Hadrian. St. Helena built a church here and two monasteries. The Pilgrim of Bordeaux, writing in 333, says: "I remarked in the Cenacle the column at which Christ was scourged"(*).

In a letter to St. Eustachia St. Jerome tells her that "In the church of the Cenacle St. Paula venerated the pillar at which Our Lord Jesus Christ was scourged, and on which may still be seen the stains of His blood." St. Arculf in the seventh century, St. Willibald in the eighth, and Bernard the Wise in the ninth, all mention the same tradition. When Sewulf visited Jerusalem in the eleventh century he found only the ruins of the Cenacle remaining, but it was rebuilt during the Crusades. After every vicissitude it has always been restored to its original form, retaining the traditional two stories. The lower

church consists of a middle and side aisles, each terminating in an apse. The upper church is surmounted by a dome, and has one large apse. The Augustinians were in charge of the sanctuary, and held all their services here until its destruction by the Saracens in 1187. It was restored to the Christians in 1191, when Acre was taken from the infidels; and Willibrand of Oldenburg, who visited the Holy Land in 1212, speaks of a large and beautiful convent on Mount Sion occupied by Syrians who showed to pilgrims the scene of the Last Supper. The Franciscans came to Mount Sion in 1219, but were soon driven out; nor were they able to obtain a permanent footing until 1333, when they founded a convent and erected the present church, using the materials employed in the former building, many of whose columns still remain. From this time until 1448 the monks had much to endure from the jealous fanaticism of the infidels who coveted possession of the royal tombs. At that date they contrived to enter the church under pretence of praying at the sepulcher of David, and so well did they manage that a few years later, in 1550, they drove

out the Friars and converted the church into a mosque, still however retaining the two stories.

A stone stairway brought us to the chamber of the Last Supper(†), a room about forty-five feet long, and rather more than twenty-nine wide. It is built in good style, and divided by pillars, but is entirely without ornament. We could remain here only a few minutes, for the Turkish guardian of the place stood at the door impatiently shaking his keys, and no opportunity was allowed of satisfying our devotion in any way. We might not kneel, nor kiss the ground, nor say a *Pater Noster* aloud. The gentlemen might not even remove their hats! We had to stand there gazing at the bare walls of the sanctuary—and *such* a sanctuary!—as if we had been sight-seers inspecting the curiosities of a museum. Oh, those Turks! If I had a sword at my side I would draw it like St. Peter!

Here, on the spot where the Most Blessed Sacrament, whence emanates all life, and strength, and grace, was instituted, everything was cold, empty, unadorned. I shall never forget the unutterable sadness of it all. Will the time ever arrive



The northern walls of Jerusalem, built in 1534 by the Sultan Solymán.



To the left, inside the wall of Jerusalem, the Franciscan Convent of San Salvador, with the Convent and Parish Church of the same name. To the right the French Convent of the Carmelite
Sion of the Assumptionist Fathers,

when our dear Lord, who celebrated the first Mass on the night of the Last Supper, will dwell here again, enthroned in the tabernacle, surrounded by a true guard of honor adoring His glorious body and that most precious blood which He shed so freely for the salvation of the world! May God grant it; the place is desolate enough now.

From the chamber of the Last Supper an ascent of eight steps leads to the tomb of David, and another stairway to the place of the Washing of the Feet(†), but we were not allowed to enter either apartment. The two plenary indulgences formerly granted to pilgrims visiting the Cenacle out of devotion, as they can no longer be gained here, have been transferred to the church of San Salvator, so that three may now be gained there.

We next visited the *Dormitio Maria*, "The Sleep of Mary," where our Blessed Mother died. It is situated between the American Protestant cemetery and that of the schismatic Greeks, and has always been held in high veneration by the Christians. During the visit paid to the holy city by the German emperor in 1898 on the occasion of the consecration of the German church of St.

Savior (†), he purchased the *Dormitio* from the Sultan and generously presented it to the German Catholics, making choice of the sons of St. Benedict as custodians of the sanctuary. The ruins of an ancient oratory were to be seen here as late as 1670. We visited the place and found here the commencement of a beautiful church, whose crypt is already finished. A magnificent sanctuary will rise here to the honor of Mary, and the name of the Blessed Mother will be still further glorified by the Offices of the Church, which none know better how to carry out than the Benedictines.

Along the haram wall we passed over a rough and stony way toward the Valley of Josaphat and to Mount Moria. The haram wall is a portion of the old wall of the city, and is continued round the place of the Temple. Some of the stones used in its construction are enormous. Many that we saw were more than twenty feet square and three feet in thickness, and were laid one upon another without mortar. At the northeastern corner of the wall a tower still standing and over one hundred and sixty feet high is said by tradition to be the pinnacle of the Temple whence Satan tempted

Our Lord to throw Himself down. It was formerly very much higher, or rather its height was formerly greater, but more than half of it is buried under the debris which covers the whole of the ancient Jerusalem. Further on toward the east we saw the Golden Gate, through which Our Lord made His triumphal entry on Palm Sunday. This gate has been built up by the Turks on account of a prediction to the effect that the Christians will some day enter by it to take possession of the holy city. They have thus unwittingly fulfilled the prophecy of Ezechiel, declaring the Lord to have said to him that this gate would be kept shut, and would never more be opened, because the Lord God of Israel passed through it. From the Tower of the Temptation on the eastern side of Mount Moria we looked down into the Valley of Josaphat with its many tombs, and across to Mount Olivet, which we had visited in the morning. Mount Olivet has become very dear to me. With its olive and fig-trees, its terebinth and cypresses, it forms such a charming contrast to the stony wilderness by which it is surrounded on every side. Weary, dusty, and

hot, we returned to our friendly hospice, after a day spent in hard study of Jerusalem.

St. John in the Mountains

Sept. 11th.—The little town of St. John which we were to visit to-day lies in a well-cultivated valley at a distance of a two hours' drive from Jerusalem, to the southwest. As early as 5 A.M. twenty carriages, each capable of accommodating five persons, stood before the hospice ready to convey our division of pilgrims to St. John. This drive in the delightful coolness of the early morning was alike refreshing to body and mind. Father Franz, my father, myself, and another lady occupied the last carriage in the long procession, and as we drove through the street of the suburb, deserted except by heavily-laden donkeys and their drivers, or now and then a Bedouin sleeping on the bare ground under a wall, the stillness was broken only by the rattling of our vehicles and the cries of our Arab coachmen. The roads around Jerusalem are wide, and had been put into a state of repair at the time of the emperor's visit, which they had not as yet quite

outlived in 1903. Nevertheless there were certain pitfalls and various ups and downs to be encountered, which, in conjunction with the furious driving dear to the Arab heart, caused the carriages to rattle and shake, and their occupants to hold on tightly in mortal terror lest they be thrown out. Our horses, like all in Jerusalem, were small, slender, and swift. It would have been a pleasure to ride behind them had they been under the control of reasonable drivers, but ours were not reasonable, nor possessed of any conscience either. On they drove at lightning speed, now up hill, now down. Round curves and over trenches we dashed along, paying not the slightest attention to obstacles or impediments of any kind, expecting every moment to be thrown out on the roadside, or to find the carriage upset into a ditch. It was a terrible drive. The road lay for some distance in a straight line through a barren, stony country, but farther on we passed fertile hollows and valleys whose slopes were covered with large olive plantations. We met caravans of donkeys and camels, and women carrying grapes into the town. These women

made a pretty picture, wrapped as they were in wide garments of coarse dark blue linen, with thick white veils that fell back from the face in becoming folds. They walk with perfect ease and grace, steadying with one hand a large, flat, oval basket of grapes carried on the head. Their pale, thin, sunburned faces and dark eyes, all framed in black hair, add an extraordinary but not unpleasant aspect to the picture. We met no men, for women do the work in the East; and I was many a time indignant when I met them carrying heavy pig-skins filled with water on their backs, as if they were no better than beasts of burden.

In an hour and a half we had had enough of the jolt, jolt, jolt of the carriages, and resolved to walk the rest of the way, which was particularly steep. It was delightful to walk in the early morning, and the landscape became pleasanter and showed more signs of cultivation as we neared St. John. Father Franz pointed out a pathway following the course of a dried-up stream, which is said to be that traversed by Our Lady when she came "with haste to a town in the hill country of Judea" to visit her cousin St. Elizabeth. We were most

agreeably surprised by the beauty of the scenery immediately around Ain-Karim. Before us lay a romantic valley embosomed in mountains, whose summits were crowned with little villages and their slopes covered with plantations of olive trees. Ain-Karim is built on a hill to the east, and possesses several churches. The chief, a very beautiful one, dedicated to St. John the Baptist, stands in a garden planted with cypresses whose heads peep over the surrounding wall. Zachary and Elizabeth owned two houses in Ain-Karim—the one a summer, the other a winter residence. A church has been erected on the site of each. The church of St. John is built over the house in which he was born. It is richly decorated, is crowned by a dome supported on four pillars, and contains seven altars. Among its treasures is a picture by Murillo representing St. John in the desert. The walls and pillars are covered to a certain height with tiles of painted porcelain. Seven marble steps to the left of the high altar lead to the grotto of the Nativity of St. John. This is hewn out of the rock (†) and receives no light from without, but the place is illuminated

by the soft radiance of six lamps which are kept continually burning. On a star-shaped tablet of white marble are inscribed the words: *Hic præcursor Domini natus est.* "Here was born the Precursor of the Lord." Here, too, Zachary composed the Benedictus which now forms part of the Church's liturgy. In the grotto are five precious bas-reliefs of white marble, representing scenes in the life of St. John. After assisting at several Masses and invoking the protection of this great saint, we left the church and went to the neighboring convent, where we were received with great hospitality by the good Franciscans. Then we took a ramble to the top of the hill, whence we could look down upon the village, and obtained some snap-shots of various interesting objects and views. In all the streets and at every corner of all the streets, we encountered the inevitable vendors of rosaries, crosses, and articles in mother-of-pearl, who presented a bold front to the invaders, pushing before us and vociferating at every step. The children were the most tire-some and forward.

The little town of St. John contains one thous-

and five hundred and thirty inhabitants, of whom one thousand two hundred are Mohammedans, two hundred and five Latins, one hundred Russians, and the rest schismatic Greeks. The Franciscan Fathers are in charge of the parish, and have a school. On a hill to the right of Ain-Karim (St. John's) stands the fine convent of the nuns of Notre Dame de Sion, in the midst of shady gardens. The sisters have a school and orphanage here. We returned to the church of St. John for Benediction, and after that service went together, reciting the Rosary as we went, to the church of St. Elizabeth, situated on a hill at the distance of a ten minutes' walk from that of St. John. The site of this church is venerated as the "Place of the Visitation of Mary." Not far off we found the Virgin's Fountain, a fine well covered by a chapel-like building. The Blessed Virgin is believed to have fetched water for household needs and to have quenched her own thirst at this well during her stay with her cousin. The fields lower down are cultivated very carefully, like gardens, and small rivulets trickle everywhere, fertilizing the place. The scene was enlivened by the presence

of Arab women who came and went, cleverly balancing great earthen water-pots on their heads. The way, winding over a little slope, led us to the church of the Visitation(*). The care of this sanctuary was confided to the Franciscans in 1621, but there could have been no church at that time, for even now only a temporary chapel stands here, built by the friars themselves. Inside the chapel, within a niche to the right, is to be seen a rock bearing the impression of the form of an infant. Tradition declares that on hearing of the massacre of the Holy Innocents, Elizabeth fled to the desert carrying her little son. She laid him to rest on a rock, which yielded to the soft pressure of the babe, and became hollow like a cradle for his accommodation. At the end of the chapel stands the high altar consecrated in honor of the second mystery of the Rosary and of the Magnificat. Here Mary, filled with the Holy Ghost, broke out into that heavenly canticle which is now daily sung by the Church, and in which the humble handmaid of the Lord praises the God who regarded her lowliness, uttering the prophecy which is from day to day literally fulfilled: "From henceforth

all generations shall call me blessed." Here we, too, intoned the Magnificat with all the fervor of which we were capable. And with all our enthusiasm, what a stammering we must have made in the ears of God and the angels, who had listened in this very place to the Magnificat of the Blessed Mother! Nevertheless we sang with all our hearts: Magnificat! May God be eternally praised and magnified for this great grace bestowed upon us of visiting the Holy Land.

We went once more to St. John the Baptist's, and, after partaking of the refreshments offered by the hospitality of the Franciscans, felt strengthened for the homeward drive. It was to be less uneventful than that of the morning, for one of the drivers, a negro, behaved like a madman, driving furiously forward in order to get before the others, thereby causing great confusion, and even danger, three or four carriages sometimes running into each other in their endeavor to get out of his way. At last one of the other drivers descended from his own vehicle, dragged the madman from his seat, and administered a beating. Then another picked up a large stone to throw at the disturber

of the order of things, and the quarrel was rapidly becoming serious when some Turkish policemen unexpectedly arrived upon the scene and restored peace. The occupants of the negro driver's carriage found seats elsewhere, while the delinquent mounted his box and drove rapidly away. During dinner we received an apology from the Pasha, with an assurance that we should not be again annoyed in the same way, and that the offending driver had been dismissed. Our excursions were not quite so bad after that, but furious driving and unnecessary lashing of the horses are Oriental, and had to be borne with.

In the afternoon my father and I, with Rev. Father Räber of Lucerne, rode out to Mount Olivet on donkeys. While the gentlemen were engaged in taking photographs, I gazed long upon Jerusalem, trying to imprint upon my memory a picture which I trust may never fade. Our expedition came only too soon to an end, but not before I had made friends with my little donkey. I should have liked to take him home with me.

Church and Convent of San Salvator

At 3 P.M. we visited the church and convent of San Salvator situated on Mount Gareb, at a distance of only a few steps from our hospice, but within the walls of the city. San Salvator is the parish church of Jerusalem, and the convent of the same name is the ordinary residence of the Reverend Father Provincial of the Franciscans, who is styled, by authority of the Holy See, Father Custodian of the Holy Land and Prior of Mount Sion. The latter title is derived from a convent which once stood on the holy mountain but was seized by the Turks, and the Friars were driven out in 1559. The convent of San Salvator was probably built by Vachtang, king of Georgia, and restored by the Emperor Justin. It was purchased from the Georgians by the Franciscans in 1542, and they made it their residence after they had been driven from their home on Mount Sion. The convent is built with less regard to regularity than most European monasteries, but the church has been restored, and improvements have been made in the house, which can lodge one hundred monks.

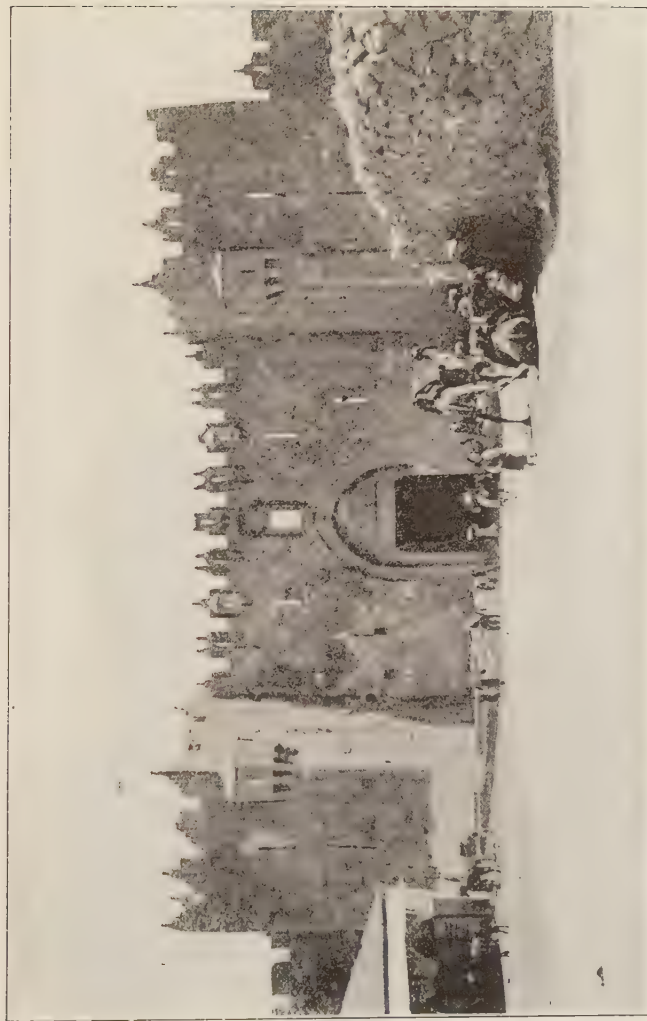
The church owes its late restoration, enlargement, and embellishment mainly to the generosity of the emperor of Austria, Francis Joseph. The church is Corinthian in style, and occupies the lower story of the building. Two rows of pillars divide the nave into middle and side aisles. It contains nine altars, and was consecrated by Monseigneur Vincent Bracco in 1885. Three plenary indulgences may be gained here (†††). A great number of good works are carried on at San Salvator under these indefatigable Franciscan Fathers. They have a theological seminary, a small college, two schools attended by one hundred and forty-one boys and one hundred and seventy-six girls, an orphanage which shelters one hundred and twenty children, and an auxiliary school taught by the Brothers of the Christian Schools, but really belonging to the friars. Besides all these educational establishments the Fathers own a press in which German books are printed, an institute for workmen, a public dispensary, a mill, a macaroni factory, and workshops for blacksmiths, locksmiths, and carpenters. All these schools and industrial institutions are

open to the inspection of strangers, and even the most prejudiced observer must feel bound to admit, after making such inspection, that the Friars Minor who have their dwellings in Palestine richly deserve their hard-earned title of custodians of the Holy Land, as Brother Lièvin truly remarks. During six and a half centuries they have untiringly devoted time, labor, and resources to the carrying out of the mission confided to them by the Holy See, and they have been and are equally ready to lay down their lives also in defence of that mission whenever they may be called upon to do so. The work undertaken by the Franciscans in Palestine is: first, the guardianship of the places sanctified by the visible presence, the journeys, and the sacred Passion of Our Lord during His life upon earth; second, the reception of all pilgrims who visit the Holy Land, affording them such succors, spiritual and temporal, as may lie within their power; third, the spreading of the Gospel in the land wherein it was preached by Our Lord Himself. When we had seen everything, the little orphan boys sang a song in Arabic for our entertain-

ment. Their voices were clear and strong. Last of all we were favored with a personal interview by the Reverend Father Provincial himself. His careworn countenance bore eloquent testimony to the fact that his title of Custodian of the Holy Places is anything but an empty honor, rather one involving much anxiety and suffering. By his desire each pilgrim of our company was presented with several precious souvenirs—a card to which were attached particles of stone or earth from the various sanctuaries with three small packets containing stones or earth from the holy places; a medal and a rosary made of the seeds of the olives that grow in the garden of Gethsemani. Each one of us valued highly these treasured mementos and all were most grateful for the kind thought of the venerable donor.

The Wailing Place or Wall of Lamentation

At 4 P.M. we went to the Wailing Place or Wall of Lamentation of the Jews. This remarkable spot is a portion of the more ancient wall of the Temple which is supposed to be close to the former site of the Holy of Holies. The Jews may



The Gate of Damascus, the most beautiful and best fortified in Jerusalem.



Jewish women at the Wall of Lamentation.

not enter the sacred enclosure, but by payment of a large sum, their forefathers, many ages ago, acquired for themselves and their descendants the right to approach as near to it as possible, and to touch and kiss the holy stones. The Wailing Place is situated on the southwestern side of Mount Moria, and hither on Fridays, the eve of the Sabbath, flock Jews of both sexes and of every age, country, and degree, to wail over the destruction of their city and Temple, and lament the dispersion of their people. Although provided with a guide, it was not without difficulty that we found our way to the Wailing Place, for it lay through a maze of narrow streets in the most intricate quarter of Jerusalem. The Jews had already assembled when we reached the spot, and no one could look upon the scene we beheld without finding his heart touched with sorrow and reverence. Persons were there attired in every variety of costume, some rich in material and gaudy in color, others little better than rags. All stood before the wall, which is fifty-two yards long and fifty-six feet high, some reading their prayers from ancient books, others trying to put

their heads and hands into cracks in the wall and whispering words of lamentation the while; others again uttering mournful wailings as they leaned against the rugged stones. It was a sight to move the hardest heart, that poor remnant of a once great people mourning over the glories that are lost to them forever. We returned through the Jewish quarter, which is the dirtiest in the city. The narrow streets are heaped with rubbish, so that their passage is fraught with a good deal of discomfort to strangers. Jews were making their way to the Wailing Place from every direction. The men, old and young, wore long gabardines of various colors—green, blue, red, violet, or yellow, and fur caps; and every one was adorned with a long thin curl or ringlet hanging from the temples over each ear. I was most interested in watching the little Jewish boys who, carrying huge books under their arms, trotted after their fathers to the Wailing Place. The Jews surely deserve honor for teaching their little ones early to pray. On emerging from the Jewish quarter, which we quitted without the slightest regret, we came to a portion of the city called Muristan. It is laid

out in European fashion; the streets are well paved, planted with trees, and lined with good shops on either side. A portion of this quarter was made over to the Prussians in 1869 and their Protestant church, which was consecrated in presence of the emperor and empress in 1898, stands here.

We were glad after a very fatiguing day to return to the hospice and seek the refreshment of supper and sleep.

Street Life in Jerusalem

Before proceeding with the account of our pilgrimage, let me attempt to give some description of life in the streets of Jerusalem as presented to our unaccustomed eyes during our short stay in the holy city.

There are no wide streets in Jerusalem. All are narrow, all are paved with cobble-stones most unevenly set, nearly all are damp, sunless, and dark; for such as are not vaulted or arched over are shaded by mats of straw or palm leaves hung across from one house to the other, since nothing is more dreaded in Palestine than exposure to

the fierce rays of the sun. For the same reason, probably, the walls of the houses are broken by few windows or doors, while such as are, are always closed. The windows, moreover, are set high above the street, and closely barred. The streets devoted to the sale of merchandise—bazaars, as they are called—are no wider than the rest, and as the goods exposed for sale, of whatever description, are hung on the outside walls of the house or piled in heaps on the ground, passage is a matter of extreme difficulty. The shops are small, low, and dark, without doors, and opening directly on the pavement. At night the whole array is closed in with wooden shutters. Salt, coffee, red pepper, spices, oil, sugar, flour, rice, all are displayed in old, dirty tin boxes or open sacks. Next to the grocer comes a butcher who tempts the passer-by with an exhibition of the carcasses of sheep, skinned and partly cut up, suspended from iron hooks gaily decorated with narrow strips of gold paper. Clouds of flies are there, hovering over and settling upon everything. On the opposite side of the street the shoemaker hammers away at his leather; close at his side a

baker fashions dainty little cakes and loaves which, before he puts them out of his hands, are covered with an army of flies. The odors emanating from these confections, however appetizing they may be to the natives, are not appreciated by Europeans. The shops of the fruit merchants are really beautiful, and their display of large lemons, grapes, figs, and red-cheeked pomegranates might have proved too strong a temptation to many pilgrims had not the fascinating pile been defended by armies of flies. Vendors of devotional objects were to be met in full force, offering for sale rosaries of mother-of-pearl, olive wood, or the seeds of the olive; Jerusalem crosses of gold, silver, or mother-of-pearl; crucifixes cut out of, or inlaid with, mother-of-pearl, roses of Jericho, postal-cards—in short all and any of the souvenirs strangers might wish to take home. The Russian Greeks exposed for sale candles of all sizes and prices, probably for burning before the altars in the holy places; and we remarked particularly the Greek pictures of Christ and the Madonna—stiff, richly decorated figures, with gold backgrounds. The

Greek rosaries are strung on a cord and end in a pom-pom instead of a medal or cross. There are many cafés in Jerusalem; they are situated for the most part where the meeting of the ways at cross-roads affords a wider space for the accommodation of guests. These sit cross-legged upon low stools, smoking their water-pipes at intervals, while coffee is served to them in tiny cups.

The streets of Jerusalem everywhere present an aspect entirely different to anything that is to be seen in Europe. People and things alike bear the impress of the East. The thoroughfares are too narrow to permit of the passage of wheeled carriages, and as we have mentioned previously, no vehicle of any kind is to be met within the walls; instead one sees strings of heavily-laden camels or donkeys, driven by Arabs. The crowds of wayfarers are composed of strong, sunburned Bedouins with turbans on their heads, and heavy, gaudily-colored linen mantles on their shoulders; Jews with the characteristic ringlets over their ears; Arab children in dirty dresses; closely-veiled Turkish women; Greek popes in volumi-

ous black cassocks, and wearing their own very peculiar head-dress; importunate vendors of crosses and rosaries; water carriers, ragged and dirty beggars; policemen in gray-blue uniforms wielding leather whips, with here and there a Franciscan Friar, or monk of some other Order. These all mingle in the dusty, narrow streets, and a more motley collection in more uncommon setting would be hard to find. The Turkish women are extraordinary figures in European eyes. Not only do they wear a huge white veil that looks like a sheet over the head and shoulders, but they cover their faces in addition with a black mask. The Greek priests or popes are grave and imposing figures. They are usually handsome, tall, and slender, with black eyes and long dark hair tied back at the neck. They carry a rosary in their fingers which they appear to be saying as they walk, even in the streets. The Turks dye their finger nails red, and also the tails of their horses. The latter practice is said to have been adopted in memory of a command given by a Turkish sultan to his followers during a battle with the Crusaders, to the effect that they

were to dye their horses' tails in Christian blood. The most disagreeable people to be met with in the streets of the holy city are the beggars who beset strangers at every corner and church door with importunate and vociferous cries of "bak-sheesh;" and the retailers of objects of piety are equally tiresome in their way. They pursued us in every street with sweet smiles and gestures of Oriental politeness, but with obstinate importunity none the less. "Catholic, all Catholic, and see! only to look, not to buy!" were the cries that followed us everywhere.

The Valley of Ennom and Cedron

September 12th. The morning of this day was devoted to exploring the valleys which, like huge trenches, surround the city of Jerusalem. Hitherto we had only peered into their depths from above. Before starting on this expedition my father and I went to the convent of the Sisters of the Reparation, opposite the hospice, to hear holy Mass. The church belonging to this convent, in which the Blessed Sacrament is always exposed, is a very fine one, Gothic

in style, and built entirely of stone. The nuns wear white habits, veils, and shoes, and blue scapulars. Their lives are devoted to works of charity and to the Perpetual Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament. The good Sisters received us with great kindness, and the Reverend Mother Superior showed us a terrace on the roof of the convent which commands a fine view of Jerusalem. Here the community sometimes meet in the evening for spiritual reading. One of the Sisters is Emma Heiss of Speier, who was a fellow pupil of mine at Riedenburg in 1884-1886. We were delighted to meet, and I was required to answer many questions about our dear old Riedenburg.

Starting for our day's excursion, we went out by the Jaffa gate, and took the wide road that leads to the railway station for Bethlehem and to the valley of Ennom. We passed the Sultan's Pond, which, however, was quite dry, and saw some women and children engaged in molding clay with large round stones—a process interesting to watch but not easy of imitation. South of this pond is a Jewish settlement gathered round

an asylum for destitute Israelites, which was founded by Sir Moses Montefiore in 1860. The site of this settlement was, in the time of Josephus, occupied by a small village called Erebinthon. To the southeast of the Sultan's Pond rises a hill, upon which two of the leaders of the First Crusade pitched their camps. The road now became stony, steep, and narrow. On our right lay the Hill of Evil Counsel, where Caiaphas declared before the Sanhedrim that it was better for one man to die than for the whole people to perish. On the slope of the mountain we saw Haceldama (*), the Potter's Field, purchased by the Jewish priests to be a burial-place for strangers with the thirty pieces of silver received by Judas in payment for his betrayal of his Lord. St. Helena had some of the earth from this burial-place taken to Rome and deposited in the Campo Santo in the eternal city. She also enclosed the Potter's Field with a wall. During the Crusades shiploads of earth were taken hence to Pisa, to make a Campo Santo there. The field now belongs to the schismatic Armenians and is under partial cultivation as an olive

grove. The valley of Ennom, or Gehenna, to the left of the Potter's field, acquired a miserable celebrity in the time of Manasses as the place wherein an altar was erected to Moloch, the wretched king himself setting an example to his people by sacrificing his own sons to the idol. The valley is a deep ravine, stony and barren, and seems to bear the impress of the curse of God. Its sloping sides, however, show clumps of ancient olive trees scattered here and there. Further on we came to the place now shaded by an old elm tree where, according to tradition, the Prophet Isaias was sawn in two by order of the tyrant Manasses(*). Not far distant is the Pool of Siloe, to which the man born blind was sent by Our Lord, and coming back gave testimony to the fact of his cure, saying: "I went, I washed, and I see." In the early ages of the Church the Pool of Siloe(*) was believed to possess great healing powers, and the sick were brought hither that they might bathe in its waters. It is fifty-two feet long by eighteen wide, and, when we saw it, was quite dry.

Beyond Siloe we came to the Virgin's Well (*),

where Our Lady is said to have washed the swaddling bands of the divine Infant during her stay in Jerusalem at the time of her Purification. The well lies at the foot of Mount Ophel, and is reached by a flight of steps unceasingly trodden by water carriers, who go up and down filling the bottles made of goat or pig-skin, which they take into the city suspended by a rope on their own backs or on those of the little donkeys which carry everything in that part of the world. Opposite to the Well of the Virgin stands the little village of Siloe, rising in terraces up the Hill of Offense.

In the barren Valley of Josaphat we saw the tomb of "Zacharias the son of Barachias, who was slain between the altar and the Temple." It is composed of an enormous monolith cut out of the solid rock, and lies on the right side of the way. This tomb is in the form of a miniature temple, without an entrance, of about eighteen feet square, with two Ionic pillars and two half pillars on either side, and a square pillar at each corner. It is surmounted by a pyramid. The cave of Jacob (*) is also cut out of the rock, but

has two entrances. By far the most remarkable of the monuments in the Valley of Josaphat is the tomb or tower of Absalom, which was erected by that prince during his life. Like the tomb of Zacharias, it was hewn out of the rock, from which it is separated at the sides by a passage eight or nine feet broad that does not extend to the back. The monument itself is about forty-seven feet high and twenty feet square, and is surmounted by a stone terminating in a small spire. Many have supposed that Absalom was not buried here, but that when he was slain by Joab his body was thrown into a ditch, which served the rebellious son as a grave. Both Jews and Mohammedans are in the habit of throwing stones at the monument as they pass, saying: "Cursed be Absalom. Cursed forever be all children who disobey their parents." The place is piled high with heaps of little stones, and there are small openings in the monument into which the missiles may be cast by anyone who desires to be particularly exact. I tried to throw in a stone, and succeeded, so that my pebble really lies in the tomb of Absalom. I hope he was not very much displeased with me.

The Valley of Josaphat is a place of tombs, and the graves of the Jews lie as near as possible to the sepulchers of Zacharias and Jacob, but all retire as though shrinking in horror from the neighborhood of the pillar of Absalom. A belief shared by Christians, Mohammedans, and Jews points to the Valley of Josaphat as the future scene of the General Judgment, and is probably founded on the words of the Prophet Joel: "Let the nations come up into the Valley of Josaphat; for there I will sit to judge all nations round about" (Joel iii. 12). Crossing the bridge of Cedron, where we again venerated the impression of the sacred knee of Our Lord (*), we paid a short visit to the grotto of Gethsemani, and returned to the hospice.

After dinner my father and I called by invitation on the Sisters of St. Charles Borromeo. They have a small but convenient house and garden situated in the German settlement outside the Jaffa gate, and devote themselves to the care of poor old people. There are only four Sisters at present in the community, who were sent from the mother house at Cairo to commence this

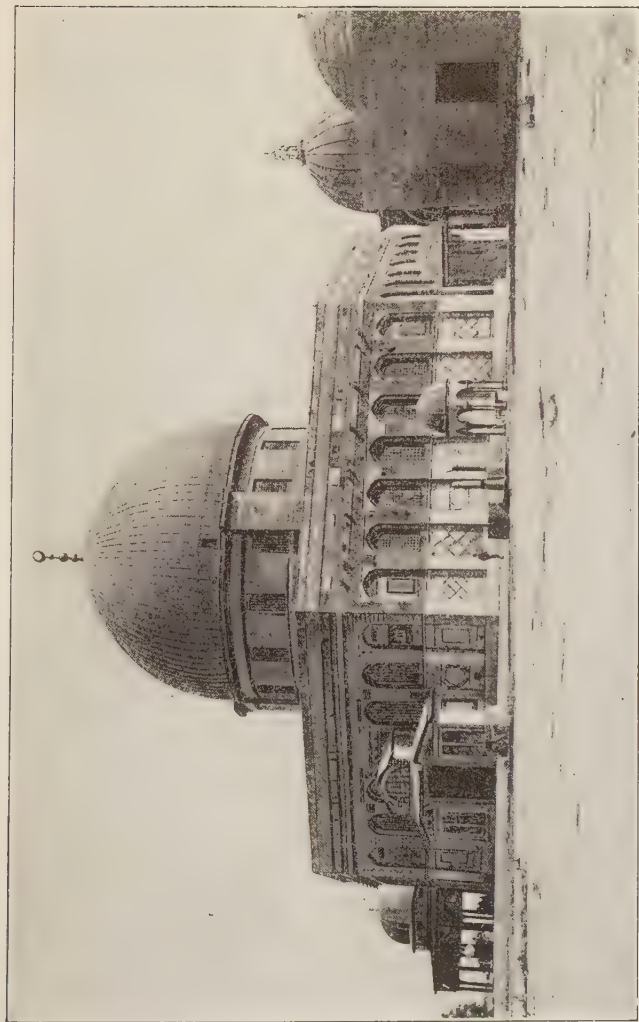
great work of charity in the Holy Land. It is a modest beginning, but surely God will bless an undertaking whose object is so entirely the love of Him and His poor.

We next went to a wine merchant's to order some Jerusalem wine. The proprietor, a German, conducted us through his cellars, and we saw the process of wine-making, which is not a particularly clean one. Our famous wine of Jerusalem reached its destination in Einsiedeln just a week before Christmas, but the two small barrels we ordered had, by that time, dwindled into one.

The Church of the Holy Sepulcher

In the afternoon we visited the church of the Holy Sepulcher. This sanctuary, unquestionably the most venerable in the world, includes within its walls many of the holy places. Before visiting a spot which is the center of so many absorbing interests, it will be well worth while to devote some little time to the study of its history. Calvary and the Sepulcher of Our Lord have been held sacred by Christians since the day of the

Crucifixion. After the siege of Jerusalem under Titus, 70 A.D., many Christians, who had fled to escape the horrors of the time, returned to the holy city under the guidance of their Bishop, Simeon, but found the holy places in possession of the Romans who, in conjunction with, and perhaps at the instigation of the Jews, did their best to obliterate everything that might recall to men's minds the circumstances of the sufferings and death of Christ. In pursuance of this design, rubbish heaps had been piled over all the spots held sacred by the followers of Our Lord. Hadrian, in the first half of the second century, did his utmost to desecrate the holy places in Jerusalem, erecting temples to Venus and Jupiter on the sites of Mount Calvary and the Holy Sepulcher. These temples were destroyed and much of the rubbish cleared away in the time of Constantine, whose mother, St. Helena, visited Palestine after the conversion of her son. She discovered the Holy Sepulcher, Mount Calvary, and the true cross, which, with the other instruments of the Passion, had been buried near the place of the Crucifixion. St. Helena caused the



The Mosque of Omar, on the spot of the old Temple, the most important sanctuary of the
Turks in Jerusalem.



The Mosque of El-Aksa on the Temple Plaza, opposite the Mosque of Omar.

portion of Mount Golgotha on which the cross had been erected to be separated from that which contained the sepulcher in order that she might be enabled to build a church over each of these sacred spots. She had the space around the Holy Sepulcher paved, and enclosed the whole within a beautiful rotunda richly adorned, and known as the Anastasis. A fine basilica was erected over Mount Calvary, and connected with the Anastasis on the western side. The whole was completed in ten years. At the time of the invasion of Syria by Chosroes II. this sanctuary was burned, and all its treasures, including the holy cross and other instruments of the Passion, carried off by the Persians. Some few years later churches of far less magnificence than those of the Empress Helena had been built by the piety of another Christian princess, for Arculf saw and described four. They were, the church of the Resurrection; the church of Golgotha, the church of the Finding of the Holy Cross; and the church of the Holy Mother. Thanks to the tolerant spirit of the Caliph Omar, these sanctuaries were spared at the taking of Jerusalem by

the infidels in 636. In the time of the Caliph Manoum, 813-833 A.D., the Patriarch Thomas of Jerusalem restored and enlarged the dome over the Anastasis. In the years 936 and 969 the church was partially destroyed by fire, and still further desecrated by the notorious Caliph Hakem, known as the Nero of Egypt, in 1010. Its restoration was shortly afterwards attempted but given up for want of funds. It was finally completed in 1048 on a plan adopted by Bishop Modestus, which included a rotunda and three separate chapels. After the taking of Jerusalem by Godfrey de Bouillon the guardianship of these churches was confined to two monks, and in 1130 the Crusaders determined to unite them into one sanctuary. At that time they erected the principal entrance on the south side, which is included in the façade of today. In 1183 the five year old monarch Baldwin V. was crowned in the church of the Holy Sepulcher. In time the sanctuaries were again left desolate, until in 1230 the Franciscans took possession of them. When the infidels plundered and burned the holy city in 1244, they massacred the old men, the women,

children, and priests who had taken refuge in the church of the Holy Sepulcher, and violated the tombs of Godfrey de Bouillon and the other Latin kings. The church was again restored before 1310. In 1342 Pope Clement VI. issued a Bull wherein he appointed the Franciscans perpetual custodians of the Holy Sepulcher. The Friars built a fine dome over the tomb of Our Lord in 1355, which was destroyed by fire on October 12, 1808, and in its fall crushed the whole of the chapel beneath, with the exception of the eastern portion. When the church was repaired two years later, the Greeks and Armenians contrived to secure the principal interest in it by subscribing the largest amount toward its restoration. The plan of the edifice as it stands to-day differs but little from that of Modestus. It consists of four parts; the Rotunda, the church of the Resurrection belonging to the Franciscans, Calvary, and the subterranean chapel of the Finding of the Holy Cross. All these chapels are under one roof, and form one vast building entirely devoid of symmetry or architectural excellence of any kind. Four nations are represented in the church of the

Holy Sepulcher: Latins, Greeks, Armenians, and Copts. Each has not only its own chapel, but a convent also within the holy place, and all but the Copts claim the right of burning lamps in and decorating their particular portion of the building. The Franciscan convent is to the north, the Greek to the west, and that of the Armenians to the south of the Holy Sepulcher. The Copts have a few rooms which serve them for a dwelling on part of the gallery to the east. The Franciscan Fathers who live here have no means of egress but by the doors of the church, which are usually locked, and are always guarded by Turkish soldiers, but they can hold communication with the outer world by a small opening in the principal porch, through which provisions are handed in. There can hardly be a sadder thought than that the church of the Holy Sepulcher, the most venerable sanctuary in Christendom, is in the hands of three different sects besides those who belong to the one true Church, and that Turks hold the keys. And yet it is even worse to witness how Greeks, Armenians, and Copts watch over the sanctuary like wolves, as if it were their prey;

to realize that one altar belongs to the Greeks, another to the Armenians, a third to the Copts—and that Catholic, Greek, and Armenian have equal rights over a fourth! It was impossible to listen without strong indignation, and something like a desire to lead another Crusade, as the good Franciscans told us of the sufferings they had, and have, to endure at the hands of the schismatics; and of the tricks and intrigues practised against those of the true faith by the Greeks and Armenians.

How long, O Lord, how long wilt Thou leave these holy places in the hands of unbelievers! And yet in spite of surroundings,—of the smoking, coffee-drinking Turkish sentinels at the doors, of the sombre Greek popes who follow the pilgrims into every hole and corner, and of the babel of sounds that arises both in song and speech from the motley crowd made up of men of all nations, one's love and devotion do not suffer. For the true faith is founded upon Christ Himself, the corner and foundation stone, who lives and is unchangeable throughout eternity; and therefore outward circumstances can in nowise affect it.

This is a long digression; but a flood of thoughts and feelings that will not be restrained rushes in upon the mind and heart as the vision of the church of the Holy Sepulcher rises before the imagination.

The principal façade of the church of the Holy Sepulcher is on the south side. The space before the great portal is paved with large yellowish-white stones and dates from the time of the Crusades. It is generally occupied by an army of beggars and street merchants, who besiege the passers-by. Another empty space lies three and a half steps below the level of the street, and is surrounded by uninteresting chapels. There are two doorways in this front, with two windows above, and arches shaped like horseshoes everywhere. The second doorway is built up. Before it rises a stairway that leads from the outside to Calvary. Entering the church by the great portal we came to the Stone of Uncion (*), on which the body of Our Lord was laid while anointed by the holy women before the burial. This stone was covered with rich mosaics and placed in the church of the Holy Sepulcher by the Empress Helena.

Later on it was removed by Bishop Modestus, who built a small oratory over it. It was purchased from the Turks by the Georgians, and the mosaics were injured. Finally the Franciscans bought it again, and encased the stone with black marble which, in 1808, was exchanged by the Greeks for marble of a reddish yellow. It is at present the property of the Latins, Greeks, Armenians, and Copts, but the Georgians have a right to furnish two of the eight lamps that are kept burning continually before it. An enormous candelabrum stands beside the Stone of Unction. It is customary to kiss the stone out of devotion, and to touch it with rosaries, crosses, and other objects of piety. Turning to the left, a few steps brought us to the Rotunda. It was destroyed by fire in 1808, and at once restored by the Greeks, but fell into ruins in 1859, when it was rebuilt at the expense of France, Russia, and the Porte (Turkey). The dome is open, and rests on eighteen pillars connected by arches which support a gallery, whence one can look down into the chapel of the Holy Sepulcher. Its interior is frescoed in arabesques, and hung with drapery, but this is

rotting and falling to pieces. The chapel itself has suffered from various vicissitudes, but Providence has always watched over the holy place and preserved it from utter destruction. Even Hadrian, determined as he was to wipe out the very remembrance of Christ's passion and death, contented himself with burying the Holy Sepulcher under a heap of ruins and rubbish. Then he had the place levelled and paved, and erected a temple of Venus on the spot. Thus in reality he helped to preserve the tomb of Our Lord and to mark its site. The grotto consisted originally of two rooms hewn out of the rock, an outer one called the chapel of the Angels, and an inner chamber wherein was the Sepulcher itself. St. Helena appears to have left the grotto in its natural state, except that out of respect for the stone whereon the body of Our Lord had reposed, she had it encased in marble. Arculf, who visited Jerusalem in 670, narrowly observed and minutely described all that he saw, even to the marks made by the tools used in hewing out the tomb. The rock, he tells us, was veined with white and red. His description was confirmed by the Monk Bernard, who wrote two

centuries later. Daniel, the Russian hegumen, tells us that when he saw the Holy Sepulcher in 1112 the place of burial was covered with marble, but he says nothing of the walls of the grotto. We may conclude therefore that these were allowed to remain in their natural state until the middle of the twelfth century. In 1165 John of Wurzburg found the whole interior of the holy place lined with mosaics, which soon disappeared and were replaced by slabs of white marble, as Willibrand of Oldenburg relates in 1212. In 1322 Symeon Symeonis testified that with the exception of the ceiling, which was quite blackened by the smoke of lamps and candles, the Holy Sepulcher was entirely covered with marble, so that the rock could nowhere be touched by the hand. John Tucher, a century later, vouches for the same fact. In 1555 the Rev. Father Custodian, Boniface of Ragusa, renewed the hangings of the Holy Sepulcher and, in the presence of many witnesses, lifted the marble which covered the exact spot where the body of Our Lord had lain. In the center of the tomb was found a particle of the true cross wrapped in some precious material

which fell to pieces when exposed to the air, and a document, but with the exception of the words *Helena Magni* the writing was entirely obliterated. What remained, however, showed that the Sepulcher had been discovered by the Empress Helena. When all present had venerated the tomb, Boniface covered it with new slabs of marble, and these still remain. Luallardo says that the interior was encased with marble when he saw it in 1587, excepting the ceiling, and that was blackened with smoke. Don Aguilante says the same, adding however, as did Surius in 1647, that there were some few openings in the roof. Thus we learn from the testimony of reliable witnesses, that its natural roof remained over the grotto of the Holy Sepulcher until about the middle of the seventeenth century. In the year 1808 the Greeks renewed the hanging and removed the roof. The marble which still lines the Sepulcher proper is that placed there by Boniface of Ragusa in 1555. The interior of the chapel of the Sepulcher has undergone various changes in the course of nearly two thousand years, but to describe them here would lengthen to tediousness a story that is,

perhaps, already too long. I will content myself with writing merely of what I saw. The chapel which encloses the Holy Sepulcher is entered by a low door opening on a chamber called the chapel of the Angels, because here the angels announced to the holy women the Resurrection of Our Lord. This chapel is sixteen feet long and ten wide. It occupies the site of the outer portion of the ancient Sepulcher, which was destroyed by St. Helena in order to facilitate the adornment of the inner Sepulcher, wherein had reposed the body of Our Lord. A pillared hall was built here by the Crusaders, and afterwards converted into a chapel of the Angels by Boniface of Ragusa. The Greeks reconstructed the chapel in 1808, making, however, little alteration beyond adding two small windows in the north and south walls. Through these windows the new fire is passed for distribution on Holy Saturday. In restoring the chapel the Greeks obliterated all the Latin inscriptions which had previously decorated the walls, and lined the whole of the apartment with white marble. A portion of the stone on which the angel sat on Easter morning lies in the center of

the chapel covered with white marble richly carved. Fifteen lamps belonging to different nations and always kept burning are suspended from the roof. A door so low that one can pass through it only by stooping, gives admittance to the true Sepulcher, the actual burial-place of Our Lord. It is six feet wide by six and a half feet long, and its walls are encrusted with white marble. The stone on which the body of Our Lord was laid is nearly six feet in length, is raised about three feet above the ground, and is covered with a slab of marble. It is used as an altar, Catholics, Greeks, and Armenians offering the Holy Sacrifice here every day. The Franciscans have the right of saying two Low Masses and of singing Mass once every day. The Greeks, who begin their service at midnight, and the Armenians, who come next, may each say only one. Only four persons at a time can find room in the chapel. Four lamps of great value are burning always, day and night, before the tomb of Our Lord, and I noticed a large picture of the Resurrection on the north side over the Sepulcher. The exterior of the sanctuary is not beautiful. Adorned with

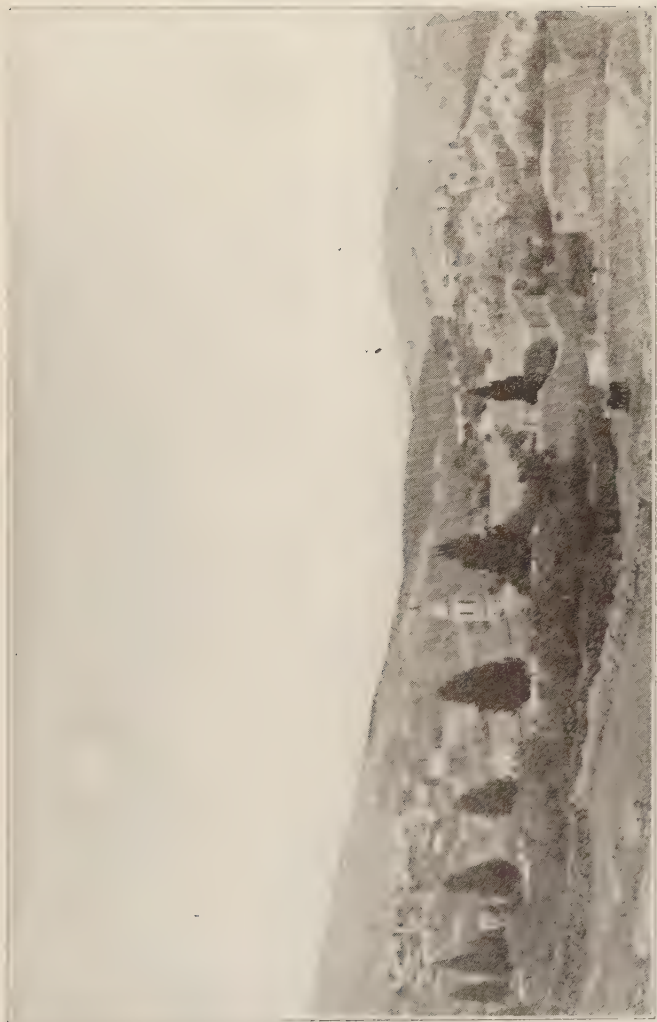
sixteen pillars of a reddish-white color, its upper portion is crowned by a balustrade of massive little columns, with a small tower rising in the midst. The façade is ornamented with four columns, and over the entrance are two pictures and a carving in relief representing the risen Christ. Proceeding westwards in a direct line from the chapel of the Holy Sepulcher, we come to that called by the Greeks Catholicon, which in reality occupies the chief portion of the basilica that encloses so many sanctuaries under its roof. The architecture of the Catholicon is more regular than that of any other part of the building. It contains a semi-circular choir, and was itself the choir of the basilica in the Middle Ages. Four pointed arches are upheld by the same number of great center pillars, and, in turn, support the tympanum and dome. Between the entrance and the choir a great urn or basin of white marble rests upon the ground, and contains a twisted ball. This marks the spot formerly believed to be the center of the earth. The choir and high altar are shut off by a wall according to Greek custom, and some of us ventured to penetrate within the

enclosure, but as soon as a pope saw there were ladies in the party we were compelled to retire. He was more tolerant of the gentlemen.

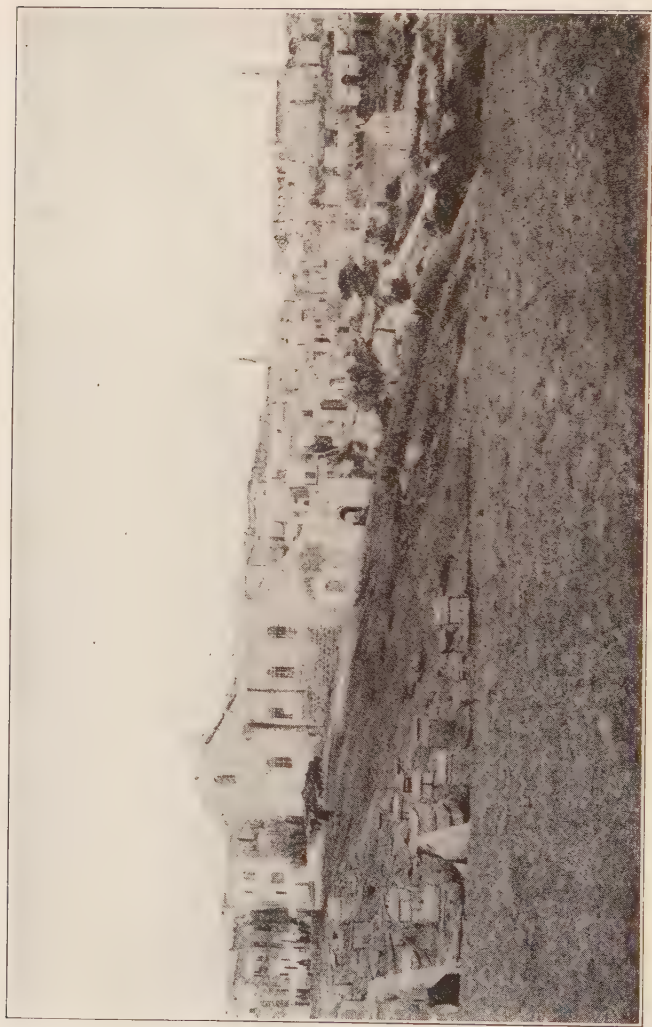
On leaving the Catholicon we passed into the great Rotunda, and turning to the right, came to the chapel of the Apparition (†), which belongs to the Franciscans, and is believed to stand upon the spot where Our Lord showed Himself to His Blessed Mother first after His Resurrection. The chapel was restored in 1882. It contains three altars, and the high altar on which the Blessed Sacrament is reserved is dedicated to Our Lady in commemoration of her interview with her risen Son, which is represented in a fine picture suspended over the altar. On the Gospel side stands the altar of the Relic, which derives its title from a particle of the true cross venerated here until 1537, when it was stolen by the Armenians. The altar is dedicated to St. Anthony of Padua. On the Epistle side is the altar of the Pillar of the Scourging(†). This precious relic was at first kept in the Cenacle, where it was venerated by St. Paula in 386 and seen in the same place some centuries later by Arculf and others. In the

fifteenth century it came into the possession of the Franciscans. It was broken by the Turks, and the principal fragments brought to this altar, where a large portion of the relic still remains; but some pieces of the column were sent by the Father Custodian, Boniface of Ragusa, to Pope Paul IV., to the Emperor Ferdinand I., to Philip II. of Spain, to the Republic of Venice, and to Ragusa. The column is of porphyry. Many pilgrims visit this sanctuary on the Wednesday of Holy Week, when the railings over the altar are opened, and the faithful may kiss and touch the sacred column. Of course I touched it with all the pious souvenirs I had—rosaries, crosses, medals, etc., feeling penetrated as I did so with a grateful appreciation of the grace and privilege allowed me of touching the column which had been reddened with the precious blood. The convent of the Franciscans is to the north of the convent of the Apparition. When the Emperor Francis Joseph visited the Holy Land in 1869, he obtained from the Sublime Porte a grant of the terrace above the convent for the use of the Fathers, so from that time the Friars who are shut up night and day in the

church of the Holy Sepulcher may enjoy a little fresh air. But they have no view, as the place is surrounded by houses. In their sacristy these Fathers keep the sword and spurs, both undeniably authentic, of Godfrey de Bouillon. They were given to their present owners by the bishop of Nazareth toward the end of the fourteenth century. The spurs are of gilded copper, the sword is large and straight, and its hilt a simple cross. I held the weapon in my hand and found it rather heavy. Behind the choir of the Greeks a descent of twenty-nine steps leads into the Armenian chapel of St. Helena (†), which was built by that empress, destroyed by Chosroes, and rebuilt by Modestus, who used for his work materials obtained from the church of the Holy Sepulcher. Half of the chapel is hewn out of the rock, and it is more than five feet below the level of the church of the Holy Sepulcher. It is sixty-five feet long by about forty-two wide. Several lamps are suspended from the roof, and there are two altars of which the principal is dedicated to St. Helena. Another flight of thirteen steps takes the pilgrim still lower into the



To the left St. Elizabeth's, in the foreground St. John's or Ain Karim, with Francis an Convent and Convent of the Sisters of Zion.



Bethlehem seen from the Franciscan Convent.

chapel of the Finding of the Cross—the property of the Franciscans. After the death of Our Lord all the instruments of the Passion were thrown by the Jews into a cistern near the place of the Crucifixion. When St. Helena arrived in Jerusalem it was an easy matter for the pious Empress to inquire of the Bishop Macarius and the older inhabitants where these treasures were hidden, and, following the instructions received, she found, after long seeking, the objects of her search. The manner in which the cross of Our Lord was identified is well known. One may see at a glance that the chapel was originally a cistern. It is situated at about eighty or eighty-five feet west of the place of the Crucifixion. Masses are celebrated daily at the one altar in the chapel, which was the gift of the unfortunate Maximilian, emperor of Mexico. There is a life-size bronze statue on a pedestal of green serpentine of the Empress Helena embracing the cross. Re-ascending the staircase we turn toward the entrance and find to the right eighteen steps leading to Calvary, which occupies the southeastern portion of the Holy Sepulcher, and is about fifteen feet higher

than the level of the basilica. The chapel which covers the holy mount is of two stories, the lower separated, by two large columns, into two divisions, of which one belongs to the Latins, the other, including the very spot on which the cross stood, to the Greeks. The altar of the death of Christ is here(†). It rests on a platform or dais which extends across the whole width of the chapel towards the east. The altar, of white marble, is supported by four pillars, and immediately under it is the hole or socket in which the cross was planted. In 1810 the Greeks removed the lining of this hole, and replaced it by another, which is finished with a cylindrical silver socket left open at the top. The Catholics may not say Mass at this altar. The holes in which the crosses of the two thieves stood are one on either side, a little to the back. The places are indicated by small black tablets. On the Gospel side of the altar stands a small table under a canopy. On the Epistle side, covered by a long narrow lid and enclosed by a silver railing, may be seen the rift made in the rock at the moment of the death of Our Lord. The direction of this rent is from

east to west and it extends downward to what is known as the chapel of Adam, a crypt wherein the skull of Adam is said to have been buried, a depth of about fifteen feet.

The fact that the rock is cracked in a horizontal, rather than in a vertical direction, was acknowledged by a great English scientist to have led to his conversion from unbelief. Neither nature nor art could have accomplished a rift of the kind. The rock of Calvary is of white chalk veined with red, but cannot be seen very distinctly on account of the smoke from the many lamps and candles always kept burning. The scene here is, naturally, very different from the Mount Calvary we are accustomed to represent to ourselves. The chapel is brilliant with lights, marbles, gold, silver, and coloring. A life-size crucifix stands behind the altar, with silver statues of Our Lady and St. John. On the half-vaulted wall at the back are scenes in relief from the Passion of Our Lord, also in silver. A silver-branched chandelier which adorns the chapel was a gift from the Czar. To the south of the crack in the rock is the altar of the Mater Dolorosa, erected in honor of the

sufferings which pierced the heart of Mary when she witnessed the death of her Divine Son (*). This altar, as well as that of the death of Christ, stands upon the rent rock of Calvary, against one of the two pillars that divide the chapels. The second chapel is that of the Nailing to the Cross. The altar occupies the whole width of the wall at the end of the chapel, and a picture behind it represents the mystery of the Passion which took place here. A long strip of mosaic on the floor marks the spot where Our Lord was nailed to the cross (†). A little further to the west—toward the steps—is the place where Our Lord was stripped of His garments(*), marked by a disc on the ground. The south wall of this chapel is broken, and a view may be obtained, through a grating, of the chapel of the Seven Dolors and of St. John the Evangelist. Although not entirely the property, as it should be, of the true Church, everything in this sanctuary incites to a spirit of devotion and fervor. The most perfect quiet prevails, for no sound can penetrate to so remote a spot, and it seems impossible that the hardest heart could remain untouched by the sanctity of

the place. One is absolutely constrained to pray, and the prayer inspired is one of awe-stricken thanksgiving—a longing to intone the *Te Deum* at the foot of the cross. We did not descend to the chapel of Adam, nor visit several others which are of comparatively little importance. In the afternoon at four o'clock we were present at a service which takes place daily at that hour. The Franciscans go in procession from one sanctuary of the basilica to another, singing appropriate hymns (in Latin) as they go. The procession is formed in the usual order; that is, the cross-bearer first, then the Franciscan Friars and the officiating priest, then the pilgrims carrying lighted candles. It starts from and returns to the chapel of the Apparition. At each sanctuary a pause is made while the celebrant—on this occasion the Rev. Father Custodian himself—recites a short prayer and incenses the holy place, while the faithful, out of devotion, kiss the sacred spot. On again reaching the chapel of the Apparition, the Litany of Our Lady is sung before the Blessed Sacrament. It would give me great happiness to be able to join these good Franciscans every

day in their procession to the holy places. It must needs be confessed that the singing, however devotional, was the reverse of pleasing. It was too nasal, and the melodies were too light for the occasion.

Service in the Church of the Latin Patriarch

Sept. 13th.—On this morning all the pilgrims were present at a grand service in the church of the Latin Patriarch, which is situated on Mount Gareb, at no great distance from the Franciscan convent and the Casa Nuova, so we had not far to go. The church, which is quite new, is Gothic in style and very large, being about ninety-eight feet long, eighty-nine broad, and fifty feet high. The nave is divided into three aisles, and the floor entirely of marble, while both roof and walls are frescoed, the former on a blue, the latter on a golden ground, with pictures of saints who are more particularly honored in Jerusalem. All the altars are beautiful, but the high altar is especially remarkable. It is of gilded bronze, and was the gift of the Emperor of Austria. The windows of the church are of stained glass. The patriarchate

had been in abeyance during a period of more than five centuries and a half, when the holy city was restored to its ancient dignity by His Holiness Pope Pius IX., in 1847. On this morning of September 13, 1903, His Lordship Luigi Piccardo, Auxiliary-Bishop of Jerusalem, sang Pontifical High Mass, and our spiritual director preached a touching sermon. As the pilgrims were to sing I had a position in the organ gallery, which gave me a fine view of the church, and enabled me to follow the ceremony as I could not have done elsewhere. Everything was carried out with befitting dignity, and the service lasted quite a long time. Our afternoon was devoted to the place of the Temple and to the Mosques of Omar and el-Aksa.

The Mosque of Omar

We entered the place of the Temple upon Mount Moria through the Gate Bab-el-Kattar-neen. Mount Moria is a spot which appears to have been especially chosen by Almighty God to be the scene of remarkable events, and it was held in veneration by His chosen people from

remote antiquity. Here Abraham was to have sacrificed his son Isaac; here David built an altar to the Lord, and offered holocausts and peace-offerings, and here the holy king desired to erect a Temple, but was told that the accomplishment of this design was to be the work of his son Solomon, who actually carried out the desire of his father, and erected that magnificent sanctuary which became the glory of Juda, and the wonder and admiration of the world. The Temple of Solomon was destroyed by Nabuchodonosor and rebuilt by Zorobabel after the return from the Babylonian Captivity. It was afterwards so beautified and enlarged by Herod the Great as to surpass the first Temple in magnificence. In this, the Temple of Herod, the Blessed Virgin passed her youth in labor and prayer. Here she presented her divine Son to the Eternal Father; here Jesus preached to the Jews; here He denounced the Scribes and Pharisees, and here He purified the Temple, chasing thence the sheep and oxen, and overturning the tables of the money-changers, and sending forth them that sold doves. In fulfilment of the prediction uttered by Our Lord, the building was destroyed by the Romans, 70 A.D., and in the

second century a temple of Jupiter was erected by the Emperor Hadrian in its place. Julian the Apostate endeavored to rebuild the Temple in order to make void the prophecy of Our Lord, but was unable to carry out his wicked design. The work was continually interrupted by supernatural intervention, and an earthquake finally destroyed the little that had been done. In the first half of the seventh century Jerusalem was taken by the infidels, and the Caliph Omar built the first mosque on Mount Moria in 636. In 1099 the holy city was re-taken by the Crusaders, and the Mosque of Omar converted into a Christian church. This was desecrated and again changed into a mosque in 1189. In 1875, 2,700,000 francs were expended by the Sublime Porte in restoring the Mosque of Omar as it stands to-day on the site of the ancient Temple, of which not a stone remains upon a stone. The mosque occupies a wide, and otherwise empty, space, which is paved with large stones and includes the southeastern quarter of the town. On the western side seven gates lead from the city to the place of the Temple, called also the Haram-esh-Shereef. This covers

a space of nearly thirty-five acres, and is something less than a mile around. On the west and north this space is bounded by houses, and on the east and south by the city wall. The mosque of Omar stands upon a marble platform of irregular shape, which rises sixteen feet above the surrounding area and is reached by flights of steps on every side. These terminate in fine arcades, whence a good view of the Harem-esh-Shereef may be obtained. The whole place is planted with cypresses, and its appearance must be very different from that which it presented in the time of Our Lord. Coming upon this open area one is struck by the contrast afforded by its profitless space to the narrow streets of the densely crowded city. The Mosque of Omar, or Kubbet-es-Sachra, is a large and stately building of octagonal shape. Each of its sides is sixty-six feet in length. The width of the interior is one hundred and fifty-two feet. The walls inside are lined from the roof to the window-sills with porcelain tiles, and from the window-sills to the floor with marble. The walls are decorated also with verses from the Koran written in twisted characters of great

beauty. The doors face the four points of the compass. The interior of this mosque is disappointing in the extreme. It is divided into three portions by two rows of columns, and a golden railing in the center surrounds a mass of bare rock. It was in honor of this stone that the whole building was erected, for the Mohammedans believe that from its summit Mohammed ascended into heaven on the marvelous horse el-Borak. They show an impression which they declare to have been made by the hand of the Archangel Gabriel when he steadied the rock to facilitate the prophet's ascent. They also aver that the stone balances itself without any foundation, and that the impress of Mohammed's head is to be seen in a grotto beneath. In point of fact, on descending eleven steps that lead to the grotto we saw a support, and also a whitewashed circular wall on which the so-called miraculous rock rests on the sides. But it has an interest for both Christian and Jew, apart from infidel legends. Here, according to Hebrew tradition and belief, Abraham was about to sacrifice Isaac when an angel of God stayed his hand. The grotto

beneath is said to have served as an oratory at different periods for Abraham, David, and Elias. The stone was anointed by Jacob, and here was the threshing-floor of Areuna the Jebusite, which David purchased from its heathen owner. The Turks say that Mohammed declared one prayer said beside this rock to be worth more than a thousand repeated elsewhere. The rock rises five feet above the pavement at its highest point, and one foot at its lowest, measuring fifty-six feet from north to south, and forty-two from east to west. Outside the golden railing which surrounds it a circle of pillars supports a dome that upholds a tympanum richly adorned with mosaics dating from different periods. Flower vases filled with grapes and ears of wheat stand out on a golden ground, and the Byzantine artists who executed the work may have had in mind the sacred elements of the Christian sacrifice, since according to the Moslem law they were not allowed to reproduce figures. The height of the dome is about ninety-eight feet and its width across fifty-five. Above it

rises the Moslem symbol, the crescent, instead of the cross. The floor is of mosaics in marble, and straw mats are scattered here and there. As a mere building the Mosque of Omar is exquisitely beautiful. Within, everything is perfect in workmanship—all is in good taste. Nowhere is the interior overloaded with ornament, or the coloring too strong—but everything lacks meaning. The Mosque of Omar is like a perfectly lovely body devoid of soul.

We heard many odd legends concerning the Mosque and the grotto beneath. It was from the latter that Mohammed set out on his ride to heaven. His head made a hole in the roof which is still to be seen. The rock was anxious to follow the prophet in his flight and it was in trying to keep it in its place on earth that the archangel left upon it the mark of his hand. At the northern entrance a tablet of jasper is let into the floor in which Mohammed set nineteen golden nails. A nail falls out at the end of certain periods, and when they have all fallen out the end of the world will come. The devil once succeeded in des-

troying all the nails excepting three and a half, when the archangel interfered and happily prevented him from finishing his work.

The Mosque of el-Aksa

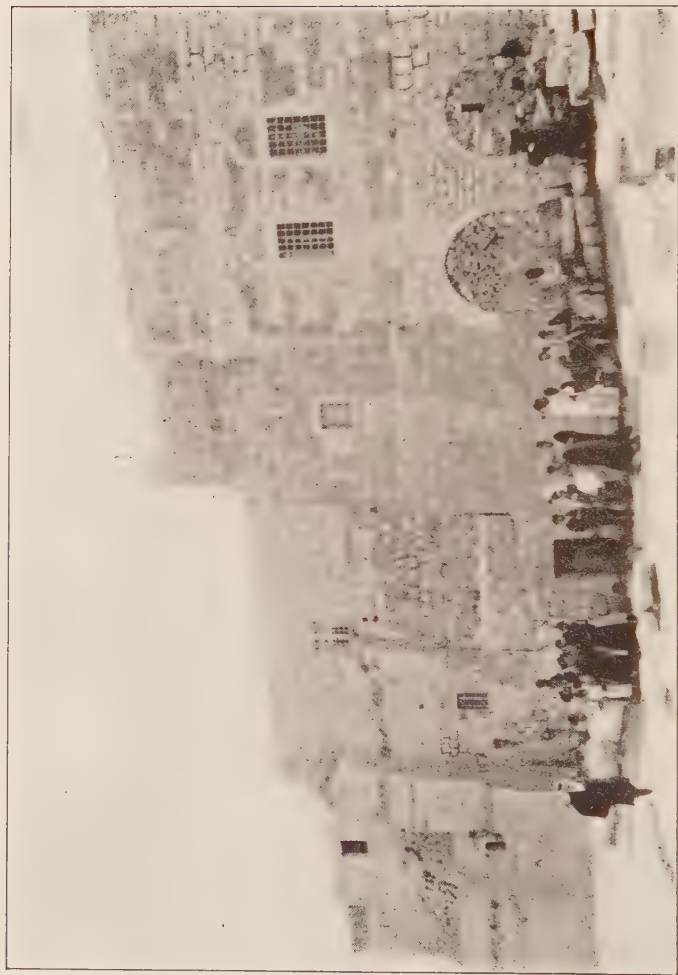
The Mosque of el-Aksa stands at the southern end of the place of the Temple or Harem-esh-Shereef. I should have remarked before that no one, not even a Turk, is allowed to enter a mosque wearing shoes, so that here, as before entering the Mosque of Omar, we must either go barefoot, leaving our foot gear at the door, or put on enormous slippers over our walking shoes—and for these slippers one must pay. We could not go in immediately, as the Turks were holding a service when we arrived, and from the door I could see many of the Mohammedans sitting in long rows on their heels upon the ground, and at stated intervals prostrating until their heads touched the floor. This they did simultaneously as if at a word of command. The Turks conduct themselves with great reverence in their mosques. El-Aksa was originally a basilica built by Justinian and is Gothic in style. The

edifice is two hundred and seventy feet long and one hundred and ninety feet wide. It is entered by a vestibule of seven arcades, each opening upon one of the aisles into which the building is divided by pillars of varied material and size. Those on either side of the wide middle aisle are of white marble, are six in number, and very large. The three aisles in the centre are by far more elegant than the others. Their design is both more original and more uniform, and they are floored with wood, as is also the transept. A dome of wood covered on the outside with tin rises over the latter. This basilica was converted into a mosque by Omar, and after having been ruined and restored many times in the course of ages the edifice became a royal palace in 1099, and was called the palace of Solomon. In 1118 Baldwin I. gave it to the Templars, but sixty-seven years later it was again converted into a mosque. It is the largest, and, with the exception of the Mosque of Omar, is held in highest veneration of all the buildings on the Harem-esh-Shereef. Its interior is as richly ornamented as is that of the Mosque of Omar itself. On the

south is the mihrab, or praying niche, toward which the Mohammedans turn while reciting their prayers. This niche is lined with mosaics and decorated with small columns, and before it stand two candelabra holding enormous candles. To the east of the mihrab stands a mimbar or pulpit of wood, excellently carved. The ascent to the pulpit as well as its canopy are inlaid with ivory and mother-of-pearl. This beautiful work of art was produced by an artist of Aleppo in 1166 by order of Mureddin, and was placed in its present position by Saladin when el-Aksa was for the second time converted into a mosque. There is another praying-place between the east and south walls, with two mihrabs, one dedicated to Moses, the other to Aissa—Jesus. In the latter an impression said to be that of the sacred foot of Our Lord, and greatly venerated by the Mohammedans, is shown. The first two pillars on the left side of the middle aisle are called “the Columns of Trial.” They are set somewhat near together, and the Turks declare that no one who cannot pass between them will ever enter heaven. A railing bars the passage at present,



Place of the Birth of Christ, with Greek altar in the crypt of the Church of the Nativity, Bethlehem.



Entrance to the Franciscan Convent and to the Church of the Nativity, Bethlehem.

set there because a caliph of no small circumference got stuck fast while attempting to get through, and was extricated only at the expense of his life, so nobody may make the trial now. Toward the west the transept is prolonged into a double vaulted corridor dating from the time of the Templars. It is said to have served the knights as an arsenal. . .

At the outer entrance of el-Aksa we put off our Turkish slippers and descended by a flight of thirty-two steps at the southeastern corner of the harem to the substructures, by means of which a great portion of the place of the Temple has been brought to the general level of the plateau. The first place we entered was a small praying-house, and on a level with this we saw a little dome supported by four columns and covering what is known as the cradle of Jesus, a horizontal depression in the rock. We next went down to the roomy subterranean structure called the stables of Solomon, which must have been built in the first instance by that king when he levelled a place for the construction of his Temple; and it is not unlikely that they were applied by him to the purpose im-

plied by their name. They were undoubtedly used as stables by the Crusaders, as holes by means of which the horses were fastened are still to be seen in the stone pillars that support the roofs of these wonderful vaults. The stables of Solomon were restored and probably strengthened by Herod when he rebuilt the Temple. There are, in the whole of these substructures, thirteen vaults of unequal size, but all very large. They are upheld by eighty-eight columns ranged in twelve parallel rows. The stones employed in the construction of these buildings are enormous, and it is a matter of wonder how they could have been raised and worked. We ascended to the harem when we had thoroughly examined Solomon's stables—in as far as time permitted, that is, in order to look at the walls. The upper portion of the eastern wall is quite modern, but some parts of the remainder are said to be of great antiquity. From the top, which is reached by a narrow stairway, we looked out over the Valley of Josaphat, which, with its many tombs, lay directly at our feet; and, further off, on Mount Olivet toward the north we came to the Golden

Gate, now walled up. Wearied out with much standing, walking, and sightseeing, we gladly returned to the hospice. The priests of our party left in the evening for Bethlehem, which is appointed to be the goal of to-morrow's pilgrimage, because they wish to say holy Mass during the night and in the early morning in the grotto of the Nativity.

Bethlehem

Sept. 14th.—"Let us go over to Bethlehem," said the good shepherds one to another on that holy Christmas night; and they set forth at the word of the angel to seek the infant Jesus and His Mother. We, too, joyfully repeated, "Let us go over to Bethlehem," as we set out, not walking, it is true, but driving in carriages over somewhat stony ways. My father and I had the first carriage in our procession as we started at 5 A. M., and we thoroughly enjoyed the drive in the fresh morning air. Bethlehem is about six miles—a two hours' drive—from Jerusalem. We left the holy city by the Jaffa gate, passed the railway station on the left, and on the right the German colony and the Mount of Evil Counsel.

Further on to the left is a convent of Poor Clares, and further still a Protestant asylum managed by deaconesses. It was founded in 1888. On a hill to the right stands a house said by tradition to have been that of holy Simeon. It is now the property of the Greeks and is called Kat-amon(*). It contains the small church and the summer residence of the Greek Patriarch. Past this on the right side we came to the Fountain of the Three Wise Men(*), where they are said to have seen the star again after its disappearance over Jerusalem. At the end of the Plain of Raphaim, whose vineyards and fig and olive plantations bear witness to the fertility of the well-cultivated soil, we passed the Greek convent of Elias, pleasantly situated on the mountain ridge. This monastery was built by Heraclius in the seventh century. We are told by John Phocas it was destroyed by an earthquake and restored by Manuel Comnenus in 1165. Opposite to the convent lies a road leading to a valley that terminates at the Dead Sea. The grounds round the monastery are in a good state of cultivation. Before us the round

summit of the mount of the Franks rises over the valley to the southeast; to the south lies Bethlehem, and to the right the white buildings of Beit Jala. Not far off, beautifully located, is Tantoowa, where there is a convent of the Brothers of Mercy from Steinmark. On the left is a field covered with pebbles of the size and shape of peas. According to the legend, Christ was passing this place one day when a peasant was planting peas. In answer to the question of Jesus: "What do you here?" the churl replied: "Sowing stones." "Stones shall they yield," said Our Lord; and nothing else has the field produced to this day. To the left we had a fine view of the Dead Sea. We passed the tomb of Rachel, and found nothing interesting about it, although it is held in veneration by Christians, Moslems, and Jews. It is a modern sarcophagus, built with a dome after the manner of the Moslem wells, and is plastered and whitewashed. The pillar actually erected by Jacob to the memory of his dearly-beloved wife disappeared centuries ago. Great numbers of Jews come hither on pilgrimage, and we saw many Jewish families

encamped about the place as we drove by. At the tomb of Rachel the road divides—the right leading to Hebron, the left to Bethlehem. This soon brought us to the first houses of the town, which stand on a hill opposite to Bethlehem proper. We found the land round the city of David in better cultivation than any we had yet seen in Palestine. Vineyards alternate with luxuriant plantations of olives, to whose melancholy gray foliage the fresh green of the fig-tree offers an agreeable contrast. One might almost imagine that the coming of the King had brought perpetual spring to Bethlehem, while His death had left Jerusalem in everlasting desolation.

History and Description of Bethlehem

Bethlehem, standing 2,550 feet above the level of the sea, is built on two mountains united by a short saddle forming a picturesque amphitheater, whose beauty is enhanced by the terraced slopes of the hillsides. Of the eight thousand inhabitants of Bethlehem nearly two thousand belong to the true Church, and the rest are nearly all Christian. The people are intelligent and

industrious, and enjoy a certain renown for beauty and for purity of life and manners. The chief industry is the manufacture of articles of piety, more particularly the cutting and polishing of mother-of-pearl. The dress is picturesque. That of the women consists of a long robe of dark blue, or striped, cotton; a tall, brimless hat from which strings of coin hang down over the forehead, and a long veil. Only the unmarried women cover their hats with a white veil. The coins are their dowry, which they carry about with them always. The women of Bethlehem are very attractive, fair to see and of gracious and noble manners. The influence of Christianity makes itself felt here; everything seems to bear the impress of the supernatural, and one breathes in an atmosphere of purity and peace. There are many convents, schools, and other institutions in Bethlehem. The Franciscans have a large convent and hospice, a fine church, and a school for boys. The Sisters of St. Joseph have a convent and a school for the poor; the Carmelites possess a convent and church; and on a hill in the northern suburb is the large

boys' school and the industrial school belonging to the Salesians. The Sisters of Charity have a hospital in Hebron street. In the north on the highest point of the town stands the house of the novitiate of the Christian Brothers, and lastly the priests of the Sacred Heart have a convent in Bethlehem. The Greeks have the convent of the Nativity, two churches, and schools for boys and girls, the Armenians also have a convent. This and the Greek and Franciscan convents stand near to each other and to the church of the Nativity, forming altogether a fortress-like group of buildings of imposing aspect at the south-eastern end of the town. The earliest history of Bethlehem Ephrata, the fertile, is involved in the mists of antiquity. One of the Hebrew Judges, Abesan, father of thirty sons and as many daughters, was born at Bethlehem, and during a period of thirty years ruled the people from his native place. Bethlehem was the birth-place of Elimelech and his wife Noemi, and hither the latter returned with Ruth, her Moabitish daughter-in-law, after the death of her husband and sons. In Bethlehem Ruth met Booz,

the wealthy husbandman who afterwards married her, and from this marriage was descended David, whom, at the command of God, Samuel anointed king in the year 1070 B. C. Bethlehem was enlarged and fortified by Roboam about 975 B. C. Nathan and his son Jacob, the immediate progenitors of St. Joseph, were born in Bethlehem, according to the tradition of the place, and so also was St. Ann. But the great glory of the town is that it was chosen to be the birthplace of the Messias, the Savior of mankind, the divine Child Jesus, who was born here of the Blessed Virgin Mary, four thousand years after the creation of the world. The fortifications were restored by the Emperor Justin, A. D. 530, and at the time of the Crusades the city was erected into a bishopric. The Mohammedan quarter of Bethlehem was demolished by Ibrahim Pasha in 1834, in punishment of a revolt of the inhabitants.

We visited the Franciscan convent near the church of the Nativity, and on entering the large courtyard with its narrow door were, as always, hospitably received. While awaiting the ter-

mination of the Greek service in the church of the Nativity, we went to the parish church of St. Catherine, which was built in 1881, at the expense of the emperor of Austria, to replace an older and smaller edifice. The present building is Roman in style, and is clean, well-kept, and worthily decorated.

History and Description of the Church and Grotto of the Nativity

The church of the Nativity was, at one time, the most highly valued treasure possessed by the Franciscans in the Holy Land. It is now, unhappily, partially in the hands of the Greeks and Armenians, who hold their service in the choir and transept, but not in the nave. The church is surrounded and its position concealed by the three great monasteries before mentioned, probably for purposes of protection, since two of its three portals have been done away with, and the third is always kept closed, leaving only a small door open for the convenience of pilgrims and worshipers. The vestibule is actually of the same width as the middle aisle of the church,

but has been divided into several rooms and is very dark. We were surprised at the grand simplicity of the building, which is divided into five aisles—the apse and transept have been cut off by a wall built by the Greeks. Of these aisles the middle one is as wide as two of the side aisles put together; it is paved with large slabs, and is divided from those on either side by eleven Corinthian pillars, each consisting of a monolith whose entire height is about twenty feet. These columns uphold architraves which support the wooden roof. The transept, reached by a passage, is of the same width as the middle aisle, and terminates at each end in a semi-circular apse. The chancel is raised above the level of the nave, and is built over the grotto of the Nativity.

An oratory was erected by the first Christians over the birthplace of Christ. It was destroyed by the Emperor Hadrian in 135, and he built a temple of Adonis on the site of the stable, setting up an altar to Venus over the crib. In 326 St. Helena purified the holy place, and began the building of a grand basilica, which was finished

by Constantine in 333 A.D. A convent erected here by Saints Jerome and Paula was destroyed by the Pelagians in 414. The basilica was restored by the Greek emperor in the sixth century. St. Willibald and the monk Bernard visited and described the sanctuary, one in the eighth, the other in the ninth century. Two attempts to destroy the church were made by the wicked Hakem in the beginning of the eleventh century, but both were frustrated by the appearance of a supernatural light, which threw the desecrators of the sanctuary to the ground the first time, and slew them when the second attempt was made. On the Christmas day of 1101 Baldwin was crowned king of Jerusalem in this church by the Patriarch of the holy city, and at his request it was raised to the dignity of a cathedral by Pope Pascal. In 1154 it was visited and admired by El-Scherif-el-Edryssi, who describes the walls as covered with mosaics on a golden ground. In 1223 Bishop Regnier was compelled to flee from his see and took refuge in France. The Fathers Abraham and Araschel (United Armenians) erected a new church in 1227 which con-

tained some fine sculptures. In 1250 the Franciscans assumed charge of the sanctuaries of Bethlehem.

The church of the Nativity was partially destroyed by the infidels in 1263, but the Franciscans obtained permission to restore it from Bitars, Sultan of Egypt and Syria, in 1271. In 1441 Philip the Good, father of Charles the Bold, duke of Burgundy, petitioned from Pope Nicholas V. the grant of a Bull empowering him to send architects to the Holy Land who might restore the church and convent at Bethlehem, which were surrounded by trenches like a fortress. Some years later Edward IV. of England sent a sufficient quantity of lead to roof the basilica. In 1478 all the panelling and the roof were renewed by the Reverend Father Custodian, John Tomacelli. The woodwork, all of pine, was fashioned in Venice and brought to Jaffa by sea in galleys belonging to the Republic. From Jaffa it was transported to Bethlehem by camels. In 1537 the Franciscan Fathers of Jerusalem and Bethlehem were shut up in the tower of David out of revenge for the destruction of a Turkish

fleet by Doria. They were carried to Damascus, and only when they had undergone an imprisonment that lasted three years were they set free at the entreaty of Francis I. of France. In 1549 a portion of the wall of the church fell in, and in 1626 Philip IV. of Spain sent thirty thousand ducats for the restoration of the church, grotto, and convent. In 1632 the Franciscans were dispossessed by the Sublime Porte, and were not allowed even to visit the holy places.

In 1638 the European powers interfered, and the Franciscans were reinstated, only to be again driven forth shortly afterwards. During two centuries the holy places of Bethlehem passed from Greek to Latin custody, and back, several times, until in 1852, owing to the intervention of Napoleon III. the Franciscans obtained the keys of the church of the Nativity, with permission to pass through or to visit the chancel. The story of the sanctuary of Bethlehem is no less sad than that of the holy places in Jerusalem. Everywhere the Greeks are in possession, while the Franciscans, the lawful custodians, are

powerless against the usurpers, and can only watch, pray, and suffer.

Two doors open, one on either side of the choir of the basilica, upon flights of stairs, both leading into the principal part of the chapel of the Nativity wherein Our Lord was born; where, according to St. Epiphanius, He was circumcised on the eighth day; where the shepherds adored the Messiah and the Wise Men offered to the Infant King their gifts of gold, frankincense, and myrrh. The grotto of the Nativity has an eventful history not unconnected with that of the basilica. Although it properly belongs to the Franciscans, both Greeks and Armenians have contrived to make good their claim to offer the Holy Sacrifice there daily, and to burn lamps before the altar. The Franciscans no longer enjoy that privilege, but are permitted to celebrate daily one High and one Low Mass at the altar of the Three Kings. The grotto has been left almost entirely in its natural state. Its length is about forty feet, its width only sixteen. The floor is paved, and the walls lined with marble, and its only light is that afforded by fifty-three lamps. Christ was born

in a stable, not in a grotto, you will say. The fact is that the caves or grottoes which abound in the chalk hills of Judea served as stables then, even as they do now.

The spot on which Our Lord was born (†) is what first attracts the attention of a visitor to the crypt. It lies under a semi-circular apse, and an aperture in the marble which covers the floor shows a bluish stone beneath, probably of Jasper. The opening is surrounded by the rays of a silver star, and an inscription: *Hic de Virgine Maria Jesus Christus natus est*, "Here Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary," is engraved on the tablet. The stone was stolen by the Greeks in 1847, but restored in 1852. They made another attempt to remove it in 1873, for it is a proof that the grotto is the rightful property of the Latins. Since then, by request of the French Ambassador, a Turkish soldier from the garrison at Bethlehem stands always on guard to protect the holy place. A white marble altar belonging to the Greeks stands over the spot where Christ was born, and from the roof above are suspended fifteen lamps which are

kept burning night and day. At a distance of, perhaps, ten feet to the east of the apse, three steps lead down to the oratory of the crypt, the roof of which is covered with cloth of gold now very much worn. To the east is an excavation in the rock, which once served as a manger, and is the crib wherein Mary laid her divine Son. On April 25, 1873, the marble casing of the holy manger and a valuable picture were removed by the Greeks, who afterwards restored the marble, but not the painting, to its place. The manger is now encased in white marble and five lamps are kept continually burning before it (†). The background is concealed by a picture of the divine Child; the walls are hung with carpets. An altar stands at the western side of the oratory, which is dedicated to the Three Wise Men (†). The picture representing the Adoration of the Magi that formerly hung here was the one stolen by the Greeks in 1873. It was replaced by a new painting on December 11, 1885. We assisted at a Mass offered on this altar and received holy communion here. It was a great happiness to receive Our Lord in the very sanctuary wherein

He was born. Never on any Christmas Day had I partaken of the Divine Banquet with such feelings of devotion as I experienced in the stable at Bethlehem. May our hearts become dwellings for the holy Child Jesus, more worthy of His presence than that small, dark, grotto sanctuary, which however belongs truly, not to the evil passions of men, represented by Greek and Armenian, but only to Himself—the meek and loving Savior and Redeemer. This dear little grotto was the palace of the Sovereign of the universe, the crib was His throne, poor shepherds His courtiers, poverty, humility, generosity, and sacrifice His cherished companions, and love His royal diadem. I have been much struck by the fact, which forces itself on one's observation particularly at Bethlehem, of the close connection which has existed between grottoes, poor, hidden, and dark, and the history of Jesus and His Blessed Mother. A grotto in what is now the church of St. Ann was the scene of the wonderful mystery of the Immaculate Conception, and of the nativity of the Blessed Virgin. In a grotto at Nazareth Mary became the Mother of God.

In this grotto at Bethlehem Our Lord began His life upon earth. In the grotto of Gethsemani He commenced His most sorrowful Passion, which ended with His burial in the grotto of the Holy Sepulcher.

Other Grottoes—The Grotto of the Milk— The Shepherds' Field

In the neighborhood of the grotto of the Nativity are many others, reached by narrow steps and passages. One of these served St. Joseph as his apartment(*); another is the burying place of the Holy Innocents, who, fitly enough, rest near the birthplace of Jesus, for whom their blood was shed(*). Still lower down is the large cell hewn out of the rock wherein St. Jerome spent his thirty-eight years of severe penance and where he died(*). In this cavern he made his translation of the Holy Scriptures and penned the greater number of his immortal writings. His body was buried here at first, as were those of his beloved disciples and pupils, St. Paula and her daughter St. Eustochia(*); but St. Jerome's was afterwards translated to Rome.

On leaving the sanctuary we took our breakfast in the wide, cool halls of the Franciscan convent, and afterwards walked through the little town to the so-called Grotto of Milk. Passing through an iron door, and a large vaulted entrance, the pilgrims descend by a stairway of sixteen steps into the cavern in which the Holy Family is said to have hidden before the flight into Egypt. According to the legend, while the Blessed Mother was nursing her divine Son in this place, a drop of her milk fell upon the stones of the cave and they became white,—as they remain to this day. Like many other holy places, this grotto is venerated by the infidels as well as by Christians of all denominations in the East. The chapel here is cut almost entirely out of the white tufa. The roof is supported by pillars, and an altar stands in the center toward the east. As we left the grotto the Franciscan Fathers presented each of us with a bit of the stone, which is white and soft like chalk. Looking down from a walled terrace outside this sanctuary, we saw in the distance the field where: “The shepherds watched their flocks by night,” and heard,

sung by angel voices, on the first Christmas night, the celestial hymn, *Gloria in excelsis Deo!* The field is large and planted with olive trees.

On our return to the town, and while our companions were engaged in purchasing objects of piety of native manufacture, my father and I called on a gentleman, a mother-of-pearl merchant with whom we had become acquainted in Jerusalem, and who had frequently invited us to visit him. We found the house much like any modern European residence, and were shown into a room where our amiable host served us with coffee. The appearance of the coffee-pot was not inviting, but its contents were good. Mr. H. courteously pressed us to stay for dinner, and was disappointed to learn that we were compelled to decline his invitation. He spoke in broken French, and was helped over the difficult places in the discourse by his bright little son. After leaving his house we bade farewell to the sanctuaries, entered our carriages, and drove through intense heat and a thick cloud of dust toward Jerusalem. But I had the happiness of paying a second visit to Bethlehem. On that very afternoon, which

happened to be free, we drove back at 3 P. M. in company with an Assumptionist Father, who gave us many interesting details respecting the country through which we passed. Our stay in Bethlehem was of necessity short, as we had to be in the holy city by 7 P. M., but we found time to visit one of our mother-of-pearl merchants, who showed us over his very primitive workrooms. They were mere cellars, where eight or ten workmen sat on the floor, carving crosses, cutting beads, or painting pictures, all of mother-of-pearl. The material used was obtained originally from the oyster shells found in the Dead Sea, but is now supplied chiefly by North America. In the corridors of the house a group of Bethlehemite girls sat on straw mats making rosaries. We paid a last short visit to the Infant Jesus in the grotto of the Nativity, and drove back to Jerusalem.

Last Day in Jerusalem—Service in the San Salvatore Church

September 15th.—On awaking early on the morning following our visit to Bethlehem, it was

with mixed feelings that I awaited the coming day, which was to be our last in Jerusalem. There were feelings of sorrow at leaving the holy places that in so short a time had gained a strong hold on my affections, struggling with the happiness I could not but experience at the thought of returning to the dear ones from whom we had so long been separated. How very quickly I had become accustomed to life in Jerusalem, scarcely recalling that for me it must soon become a memory of the past. How easily our poor human hearts become attached!

But our farewell visits had to be made to-day. At 9 A.M. we attended the solemn high Mass at the San Salvator church. His Lordship the Bishop of Basle delivered a paternal exhortation to the pilgrims present, earnestly advising us to cherish during our whole lives the faith of the one, true Church, and to put its teachings into practice. In a few words at the end of the discourse he told us what had been his own motive for making in his old age a second pilgrimage to the Holy Land. It was that he might pray at all the holy places for the grant from Almighty God of good priests

for his diocese. The members of our mixed pilgrim choir, of whom I was one, stationed behind the altar, sang a beautiful Mass of Mitterer's. After Mass the Reverend Father Custodian delivered a sermon in Latin, and distributed crosses and diplomas among the pilgrims. The former are shaped like the Jerusalem crosses, that is, they are large crosses with arms of equal length, having smaller crosses in the corners. Each pilgrim is entitled to one of these crosses of honor on payment of an alms given to help defray the expenses of the holy places. The amount of the alms is fixed in proportion to the value of the cross received. That given in return for a bronze cross is fifteen, for a silver one twenty, and for a cross of gold one hundred and fifty francs. The permission to distribute these crosses was a legacy of Leo XIII., but is granted only to the Reverend Father Custodian of the Franciscans, who confers the honor with its accompanying diploma, in the name of the Holy Father, either in private, or when the body of pilgrims is important, as in our case, with a certain amount of public ceremony. The pilgrim's cross is regarded

as a badge of distinction which marks the Christian who has undertaken from devotion the fatiguing journey to the Holy Land. For this reason the Holy Father accords to pilgrims the privilege of wearing it in public at church ceremonies, processions, and pilgrimages, even in his own presence when all decorations are usually laid aside. (Extract from a little book containing explanations and Papal decree.) I had the honor of being deputed by the Father Custodian to distribute the crosses in his name among the ladies present.

In the afternoon the column of the flagellation was exposed for veneration in the chapel of the Apparition of Our Lord, in the church of the Holy Sepulcher, and our beloved Father Franz blessed our rosaries, crosses, and other objects of piety already enriched with many indulgences by contact with the sanctuaries of the Holy Land. Thanks to arrangements made by this good Father, all who chose might take part in the Way of the Cross and at the same time say farewell to the holy places. The remainder of the afternoon was spent in packing, a task that

proved to be not only sad, but difficult as well, for each had many purchases to bestow in addition to the property brought with us and supposed to be sufficient to fill all available place. However, it was accomplished, as most difficult tasks may be under pressure of necessity. At 5 P. M. our baggage was in order for removal, and very soon we had said our last good night in Jerusalem.

Departure from Jerusalem—Journey to Jaffa—Embarking

Sept. 16th.—We had to rise early and breakfast at half-past four, in order to assist at holy Mass in the church of the Holy Sepulcher, and be ready for our journey. The Holy Sacrifice was offered at the altar over the Tomb of Our Lord, and at its conclusion the Father Director blessed the banner of the pilgrimage, delivered a short discourse, and read the Itinerary. Then we left the church—with sad hearts—for few among us could console themselves with the hope of revisiting the Holy Land. I was sad at having to say farewell, but also felt an interior hope almost

amounting to conviction, that for me it would not be for the last time. I can give no reason for this; the hope or conviction may have been entirely groundless, but— Well, I leave it to God. We left the holy city as we had entered it, reciting the Rosary aloud as we passed in procession through the narrow streets, out by the Jaffa gate, and on to the railway station. Once more the beggars and street merchants united their voices at every corner in vociferous efforts to extort our last penny. Once more we looked back at the holy city as it lay behind us flooded with the morning sunlight, and tried to impress upon our memories a picture that should remain there forever. Two special trains were awaiting us; our baggage had been already put on, and now nothing remained but to return a thousand thanks for all his kindness and devoted attention to dear Father Franz, our faithful companion and protector during our stay in the holy city, who had now accompanied us to the railway station for a last farewell. The Rev. Pastor of the parish of Jerusalem, the Rev. Director of the Austrian hospice, the Austrian Consul, and other gentlemen

travelled with the pilgrims to Jaffa. The journey was accomplished without any particular excitement, and took only three hours, as we were descending the valley, whereas in coming the road had been uphill. On arriving at Jaffa we went straight through to the sea without making a stay anywhere. There our gallant "Tyrolia," her masts and rigging gaily adorned with little flags, was awaiting us. She had gone round to Beirut during our stay at Jerusalem, as there is no harbor into which large vessels can enter at Jaffa. We were told now that we had run great risk of losing our ship altogether, for while she was anchored off the coast, a revolution took place at Beirut, and the Austrian Consul had thoughts of securing the safety of himself and such of his compatriots as were in the unquiet city at the time by sailing off in the "Tyrolia." I cannot say in how far the report was true, but am glad that he did not run off with our ship. After a lively trip across the bay, and being handed up to our vessel like packages, we amused ourselves by watching the Arabs guiding their boats among the dangerous rocks and the last vigorous efforts

of the natives to extort baksheesh. Our baggage was brought across in large boats and tied up in sacks. These were torn open and emptied, and then their contents brought on board by Arabs as lithe and active as so many monkeys. Many a pilgrim's heart was sore at witnessing the merciless handling of bags and portmanteaus. At last the whistle sounded, the guns were fired, and our kind friends took leave. We watched them rocking over the waves toward Jaffa, and cheered in answer to the cheers they sent back to us. Next our machinery began to work, the vessel turned in a majestic curve, and very soon we were moving away from the rapidly receding shores of the Holy Land. After dinner nothing was to be seen below, around, and above us but sea and sky. We had time to think over all we had seen, and to exchange ideas on the subject of our late experiences with our pilgrim companions. I realized with a grateful *Deo Gratias* that the heat of our cabin was less intolerable than during the outward voyage. Nevertheless I spent the greater part of the day on the captain's bridge, glad to let the wind shake out

and blow away the dust and dirt of Palestine.

Sept. 17th.—Although the sea was a little rougher on our return journey than during the voyage out, fewer of the pilgrims were victims to sickness, probably because they were better accustomed to the motion of the vessel. There was nothing to be seen the whole day, but this was rather an advantage than otherwise, since we had, in consequence, leisure for studying our maps, and even time tables, for some of the pilgrims were suffering from home sickness, others from railway fever. This last in no wise affected me, as a journey by rail has fewer attractions for me than a voyage by sea. On board a ship one feels so free, is not packed in tightly, and may experience the benefit of the fresh air treatment in its highest perfection.

Sept. 18th.—As contrary winds continued to impede the progress of the ship, it became necessary to make the shortest route in order to make up, if possible, for lost time. We steered to the south of Crete, and toward mid-day passed Cape Litino, running out into the sea in the middle of that long island. We then passed

between the islands of Gozzo and Gozzo Pulo and Crete, approaching nearest to the last. It is hilly on this southern side and the chalk cliffs glittered in the sun like mountains of snow. While passing the southeastern point of the island toward evening we could see the town of Selino upon the shore, and, in the far distance, the islands of Cerigotto and Cerigo. Later still we were greeted by the friendly rays of a lighthouse on Cape Matapan in Greece.

Sept. 19th.—Early in the morning we approached the island of Zante, of which we had been able to see but little on our outward journey, as we passed it in the dark. Now we came quite close. Behind the island is an extensive mountain range, which slopes down toward a plain on the east. We saw some villages on a hill which are connected with Zante, the chief town on the island, by well-kept roads through the mountain passes. The town is built upon the shore, and is crowned by a citadel. It possesses a fine harbor, a beautiful palace, and clean houses, which glittered in the morning sun. Behind the town rose wooded slopes, and bare mountains

with deep ravines here and there. Owing to the distance we could not observe details, but were quite satisfied with the view we enjoyed. There is a shallow marked by buoys off the island, and we found the passage very interesting and exciting. At the same time another large island came into sight, which we had passed before in the evening, Cephalonia. This island is intersected by high mountains, which rise in steep ascent from the sea, leaving only a narrow strip of land at their base. Small villages were visible on the mountains, among others Samos, on a gently rising hill. From this village shot up two slender towers, one of which seemed to be a lighthouse. To our right lay Ithaca, which gave token of a little more life than when we had seen it a fortnight ago. On the shore of a small gulf at the southwest of the island we could discern a high building, whence a steep street led to the summit of a mountain. A white sail was moving in a stately fashion toward the gulf, and a little boat rowed by two men passed quite close to our vessel. The boatmen laid down their oars and waved handkerchiefs in friendly fashion in return for our greeting.

Later on came a pretty mountain village, whose white houses looked out upon plantations of olive trees. We had a good view of the Bay of Vasiliki running up into Santa Maura, and saw the Leucadian Rock with its lighthouse and church, but from a greater distance than when we passed it before. As the darkness was gathering we could not see Corfu and the pretty town we visited, but could just distinguish a range of mountains on the island. We were three hours in steaming past this one island. We also saw Paxos and Antipaxos. After passing Salmastraki and Fano we reached in the evening the dreaded Strait of Otranto, which separates Italy from Albania and connects the Ionian Sea with the Adriatic.

Sept. 20th.—A strong gale blew as we steamed at midnight up the Strait of Otranto, causing our good ship to roll and rock, awakening sleepers into new slumbers. It was a day of national prayer, and we pilgrims observed it in our wave-tossed church with the same intentions, and I believe with as much pomp, as did the dear ones at home. His Lordship sang Pontifical High Mass, and the Rev. Father Director preached.

The mixed choir did their part, and at the close of the service the solemn and familiar tones of the Swiss hymn floated out over the waters. Meanwhile the "Tyrolia," decked with her Swiss flag, the most becoming ornament she could have worn that day, slipped by the islands Meleda, Lagosta, Curzola and Cazza, very thinly inhabited, if indeed they have any population at all. They are little more than mountainous slopes and points, whose wide bases have their foundations in the sea. Now we steered toward the island of Lissa, with its little town of the same name, and from off its coast signalled by means of flags that they were to wire from the island to Trieste that the "Tyrolia" would get in by eight on the following morning. After this the sea became rougher. We saw steamers and sailing-vessels, and the Austrian vessel "Achille" came quite near and was saluted by our guns. We heard the greetings of her passengers, but were unable to respond, as Pontifical Vespers, of which, doubtless, they were in ignorance on board the "Achille," were going on at the time. The varied panorama around us kept our field glasses

in constant requisition when we were not engaged at our prayers. In the evening the gentlemen of the choir sang the beautiful songs of the fatherland, and the celebrations of the day were worthily terminated by a modest display of fireworks. Our voyage both going and returning had been very pleasant, but there was not one among us but rejoiced heartily that this was to be our last night on board the "Tyrolia."

Arrival at Trieste.—Homeward Journey

Sept. 21st.—During the night we passed the multiform island world that lies before Dalmatia; and the Peninsula of Istria with its harbor and the towns Pola, Rovigno, and Parenzo, arriving early in the morning off Trieste. At six the "Tyrolia" wound her way slowly among the many steamers and sailing-vessels anchored in the harbor, to the pier of St. Carlo, but when the gangway was actually laid, and we were on the point of landing, we were detained. Our patience was put to the trial for two hours, and really that trial was a hard one. After an imprisonment of five days on board ship one longs to set

foot on land, especially when it lies so temptingly before one's eyes. But there was no help for it. A little boat brought out three doctors to examine into the sanitary condition of passengers and crew on board the "Tyrolia," and woe to us all had they discovered any symptoms of fever or plague among us. Quarantine would have been our doom. God be praised, all went well and the gangway was laid again. It was about 10 A. M. and a great crowd had assembled on the pier to watch us disembark. An order permitting us to pass the Customs had been sent from Vienna, so we suffered no delay on that account. How delightful it was to set foot again on European soil after an absence of three weeks! Papa and I took advantage of the few hours' stay to drive through Trieste and see the sights. The city, even in the time of the Romans, had attained considerable importance as a seaport town. It is now the principal port belonging to Austria, and has a population of 100,000. Its trade has prospered greatly, so that it may be correctly termed an American town on the Adriatic. The Grand Canal, which is crowded with

vessels, runs through the city, and close to it stands the church of St. Antonia Nuova, built by Nobile in 1830. Beyond this lies the new town, well laid out. Its fine streets are crossed by the Grand Canal. We visited the Giusto, a large basilica with five aisles. From this church we drove to the barracks. The scene outspread before us was indeed beautiful. At our feet lay, in all its majesty, the azure sea; to the right and left rose green hills dotted with villas and gardens; and in the midst—Trieste. We could see over the whole extent of the town. How much pleasure our good God has prepared for the lovers of nature! Pleasure grander, deeper, purer, more elevating than all other joys! It was a matter of regret that the time at our disposal did not allow of a visit to the castle of Miramar. We were obliged to return to the railway station, which we reached just in time to enter our numbered carriages by 2. P. M. Here we were greeted with the anything but joyful intelligence that cloud-bursts had flooded Karawanken and the Tyrol, and that dams and bridges had been swept away by the flood. We had

visions of leaving the train in the darkness, and paddling miserably through torrents of water and mud to the next point in our destination. Nevertheless, as we left the station we enjoyed the view of the town in its setting of green vineyards and gardens, from whose depths of verdure white villas peeped out here and there. We could see the castle of Miramar with the blue sea beyond sparkling in the radiance of the southern sunlight, and watched that sea with admiring eyes until a curve in the road shut it from sight. Very soon we entered the Karst, a wild, rugged, mountainous district, and passed through Krain, where the streams are soon lost to view in the many subterranean caverns and grottoes that abound in this region. Towns and villages flashed by or looked down upon us from the neighboring mountains as we sped upon our way. How good it was to see once more the fresh green of meadow and woodland after the dead blue-gray of the olives in Palestine!

Punctually at eighteen minutes after five we arrived at Laibach, the principal town of Krain, according to the promise made by the time table.

Here supper was served at once in the pleasant gardens, and like people in convents who have to get up for Matins we retired immediately afterwards, for we, too, had to rise in the night, although what awaited us was not Matins. Gathering black clouds threatened rain as we left Laibach. The train rushed by station after station, and as we could see nothing of the country, for it was quite dark, all that remained was, for those who could, to sleep; and for those who found slumber impossible, to think. Now, however, we learned the true state of affairs without. A great cloud-burst had so swollen the rivers of Karawanken and the Tyrol, especially the Drave, that the railway dam on our line near Nikolsdorf had been partially swept away, and at Nikolsdorf we should have to change trains at two o'clock in the morning—not a very pleasant prospect on the whole. We awoke to life at Villach, where we halted for twenty minutes and were glad to leave the train for that time. We made a few purchases, walked up and down the platform, regained our places and lapsed into quiet again.

Sept. 22d.—At a quarter before one A. M. the

conductor walked quietly through the carriages and announced to sleepers and watchers alike that it was time to prepare to leave the train. The dreaded hour had arrived. Portmanteaus and packages, whose weight had increased considerably during the past fortnight, were laid ready to hand as soon as the train stopped. We alighted and, preceded by porters bearing lighted torches, began our nocturnal promenade. Happily, my dear, wise father had with prudent forethought engaged a man to carry our baggage. I could hardly lift my portmanteau from the ground, and my father's was as heavy. First we walked along the rails, and then crossed a temporary wooden bridge nearly four hundred and fifty yards long. We could see nothing, and heard only the rushing of the stream. We walked on in Indian file for perhaps ten minutes, and at last saw the lighted windows of the train, which we entered breathing great sighs of relief. All had gone well after all. We were even dryshod, having had to pass through neither water nor mud. *Deo Gratias!* It is true that the train was not particularly comfortable, and we were rather

crowded; but the aspect of affairs improved when day dawned and order was restored. Matters would have been much worse had we arrived here forty-eight hours earlier, for the line had been blocked for some days, and we must have travelled by a very roundabout route to Innsbruck. So we were grateful to God and bore our little discomforts willingly. We were all settled, and the train had started in less than an hour. Of the station at Lienz, where we had been greeted so pleasantly with music a fortnight ago, we could see nothing but a few lamps. The train puffed and snorted and crawled until it reached the top of the Puster Valley; then it quickened its pace for the descent and reached Franzensfeste at 5 A.M. Here some Tyrolese pilgrims left us. Over the Brenner we went slowly again, but put on a better pace as we went toward Innsbruck. This part of the journey was very interesting, as we passed through a country varied with smiling valleys, clean villages, and heights whose summits seemed to touch the sky, all brightened by the morning sunshine. At Innsbruck we stayed twenty minutes for breakfast, and then started

at furious speed for the Arlberg. Former pilgrims to Jerusalem awaited us at the various stations with kindly greetings, and in all the fields and valleys our train was recognized and we received a hearty welcome as we passed. On the Arlberg, and on reaching Feldkirch, crowds of people were awaiting us and greeted our arrival with loud cheers. The greater number of the pilgrims remained in the same train, only changing at Buchs, whence a special train would carry them on to Zurich. It was a disappointment that we were unable to say farewell to our fellow-pilgrims, but it was impossible to do so. We could not even take leave of Colonel von Himmel, to whom, under God, we were indebted for the successful carrying out and happy termination of the first Swiss pilgrimage to the Holy Land. But all was hurry and rush. We had time only to see to our baggage, obtain tickets for Bregenz, and take our seats in the train for Riedenburg. Our visit to Riedenburg was unfortunately a short one, but the few hours spent there will remain always impressed on my memory.

Arrival at Einsiedeln—End

Sept. 23d.—Once more, all of us, young and old, the beloved dwellers of the Einsiedlerhof, and we two pilgrims from Jerusalem, were gathered in the railway station after a separation of twenty-three days. But if during that period a thousand miles of sea and land had prevented intercourse by sight and speech, in heart and spirit we had been always united by the bonds of affection and prayer. Now, thanks to the faithful protection of our good God, we were together again, well and happy.

What have I gained during those three weeks?

Many graces, deep and holy impressions, and an enthusiastic love for the Holy Land. I may consider it a great and special privilege that, thanks to the goodness of God and my dear parents, I was permitted to make the pilgrimage so early, at a time of my life when impressions are readily received, and easily imprinted on the heart and memory.

To all who may read this description I wish

a participation in the benefits and happiness I have enjoyed; and to all I cry out as I bid them farewell, Do you, too, go “off to Jerusalem!”

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